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This Issue

"Now 68 Pages Monthly, 12 Issues Yearly",
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**messing
about in
BOATS**

Volume 25 – Number 16-17

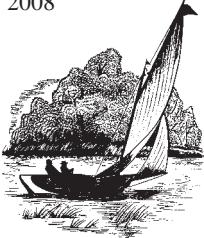
January 2008



messing about in **BOATS**

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



business when the printing and mailing all went computerized in the mid '90s.

There'll be some nice side benefits to the change. For one, we can think about being away for longer than the two to three days at a time that has been our limitation for a quarter century. Not that we'll be likely to travel far, but maybe longer within a day's drive. And with 25 years of every two weeks finishing an issue, a whole month stretching out ahead will seem to be an enormous span of time.

With the changeover demands rousing me a bit out of my set ways, I've decided to add on a couple of ongoing new features. Starting in this issue I am reprinting each month an article selected from 25 years ago in *MAIB*, my choice of what I think might interest those of you who were not with us so long ago. And I will be increasing my present occasional reprinting of pertinent articles from a variety of newsletters we receive by what I hope will be a regular monthly feature from the British Dinghy Cruising Association quarterly magazine. The British really know how to cruise in very small boats (who recalls the Dyes in their Wanderer sloop?). Their tales of how they do it and of the broad variety of dinghies (12'-18', often with tiny cabins) may inspire some of you to more ambitious adventuring.

The heart of each issue will continue to be, however, the stories you share with us all about your adventuring, events attended, projects, designs, and dreams. Readers continue to remark on their renewal orders that *MAIB* is "real." They like the plain vanilla layout, easy to read without all the graphics wallpaper that art directors of major publications seem to favor. Good news for me, what we do is simple and easy.

So long as subscriber support remains adequate for me to continue to indulge in this eccentric effort I will do so. I see no other significant changes in the foreseeable future. One reader just renewing commented on the announcement of the changes for 2008 stated that this was fine with him but he hoped that I would not come at some future time to wrap all the 68-page monthlies into a single annual 816 pager!

On the Cover...

Look at those tiny guys way up there on that spar on a big steel square rigger rounding Cape Horn. Hardly messing about in small boats but Turner Matthews sent us a great over the top review of an old book about when sailing big ships was a job and really rugged.

Let's get the obvious out of the way: What has this book about farming got to do with the subject matter of this magazine about boating? The answer is, lots of things, so we'd better get busy.

I'll start with Phil Bolger's recent articles in these pages on sustainable fisheries. I admit that I skipped over this series at first as being only mildly interesting... then I sampled it... then I devoured it as an epiphany began to gel.

Both Phil Bolger's articles and Joel Salatin's book deal with trends in the management of America's food resources over the past century, one coastal, the other interior, and the consequences of those trends for all of us. But there's more to it than that.

You see, there has always been something about a real working waterfront for me, that when my wife and I are new visitors to just about any new town with waterfronts I am drawn to the stores where watermen buy their stuff. In Florida, Puget Sound, Virginia, the UK... I am drawn to the fishing towns rather than the resort areas. I want to visit the stores where they sell more than just water toys and high-dollar sunglasses, where I could actually buy commercial fishing gear and occasionally real bronze hardware and running lights that were made to last and then be repaired to last longer yet.

I thought that my love for this, and for this magazine, and for dusty olde marine artifacts, was just a peculiarity of my personality, or an attack of garden-variety nostalgia, or perhaps that instead of admiring crusty old farts, I was becoming one. Then I met Joel Salatin, who is both younger and wiser than I.

And I realized that these things I crave (and many other things, too) speak to a deep yearning of the soul for a certain something, something that is missing but cannot be replaced by a shiny new plastic boat, or a fast-food burger, or a waterfront condo, no matter how catchy the ad slogans are.

What is that missing thing? It is easier to describe than it is to name, that which is honest... that which is uncommonly authentic... that which is workable and sustainable at a biological (not political) level... that which holds communities together instead of dispersing them... that which was time-tested for generations before our societal addiction to "bigger-faster-cheaper" took hold.

Bolger asks (and answers) the questions, why is working waterfront losing ground and being replaced by resort waterfront? Why are third and fourth generation fishermen leaving the industry for land-based occupations? Why are bigger and bigger factory ships chasing smaller and smaller fish populations? And why is every regulatory "fix" failing miserably?

Salatin asks (and answers) the questions, why are small farmers and local food producers leaving their heritage behind to work in town? Why do we, as a society, have a larger segment of our population in prison (2.5%) than working on farms (1.5%)? Why is food quality at a low? And why are regulatory barriers keeping small producers out of the business of food production (an aberration, by the way, confined to the 20th century)?

The answers to these questions matter. The answers matter because the ultimate costs of these trends are huge in terms of food quality, in terms of resource damage, and at many other levels. But nowhere are the consequences of this mismanagement more damaging than in the loss of whole communities and ways of life, ways that worked for centuries.

Op Ed Page

(Every once in a while a reader submits an opinion piece that fits right with my non-conformist instincts. While this one is couched as a book review, I chose to give it this "Op Ed" status due to its evocation of concerns many of us share. And I already had gone over the top with a seven-page review in this issue!—Ed.)

Everything I Want To Do Is Illegal War Stories From the Local Food Front

By Joel Salatin

Reviewed by Preston Larus

And how did we, the members of the affected communities, ever buy into the notion that this sort of "progress" is inexorable and must be suffered with stoic cynicism and resignation? And what is there to do about it?

These are good questions, and when I read Bolger's articles and Salatin's book I am reminded that there actually are better answers than shrugs and who-the-hell-knows. I am reminded that we ordinary folk are at least as smart as, and probably smarter than, our elected (and non-elected) government officials. I am reminded that we do not have to abdicate our decision-making responsibility to industry "experts" who have never harvested a fish or a chicken. And I am reminded that we do not have to succumb to our irrational love of clever, exotic, ever-more-expensive "solutions."

Bolger brought me clarity regarding the fishery quandary and Joel Salatin brought me clarity regarding the farming quandary and they are inescapably intertwined!

So author Joel Salatin is a "farmer." The word tends to conjure one of two images; a faceless, billion-dollar agribusiness factory, or the small farmer of yesteryear... struggling, hapless, a throwback to another time, about to become obsolete in the shadow of today's windowless farm factories.

Salatin is neither of these. In his 40+ years on the family farm he has embraced a business model that is uniquely American; innovative, quality-driven, free-thinking, and customer-oriented. He has created a loyal local market for his high quality poultry, beef, and pork and he accepts no government monies or subsidies. As a farmer and a businessman, his is a unique success story.

As if being a farmer and small businessman wasn't hard enough, Salatin has had to constantly swim against an overwhelming tide of flawed regulations that discriminate in favor of mega-operations. *Everything I Want to Do Is Illegal* tells all about that struggle and so much more. Entrepreneurship, and the freedom to be entrepreneurial, is a huge part of what made this country great and that freedom is in grave danger. It has been happening right under our noses and the villains and the victims are NOT who you think they are!

Again, what has this to do with the readership of *MAIB*? More answers:

Salatin is a craftsman, and beyond that, a craftsman who has turned his craft into a vi-

able means of making a living. Many *MAIB* readers, myself particularly, would feel blessed to accomplish as much with our passion for boats.

Salatin is a non-conformist, which puts him in pretty good company on these pages. *MAIB* readers are a tiny minority of boat lovers who find something available here that we don't find in the glossy, consumption-driven magazines... to one degree or another we have "opted out" of mainstream boat publications and that makes us a fairly odd lot. Salatin has "opted out" of the business-as-usual, bigger-faster-cheaper model of farming, and what he has learned is of value to such kindred spirits as we.

And back to the Bolger-Salatin similarities. Bolger calls for a new fishery paradigm and a new type of boat to serve that paradigm. Instead of the trend toward larger, capital intensive, massive carbon footprint factory ships (which are a side effect of wrong-headed regulation, not nature), Bolger says we need many, many small operations up and down the coast. The benefits to be had from this approach are a truly sustainable fishery and the fisherman's return to the waterfront... a community-based, local production model where a fisherman can make a decent living for his family and high quality catches can be sustained over the long haul. Salatin's take on farming sounds very similar.

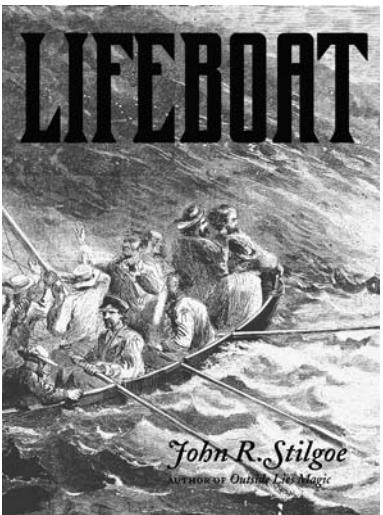
In fact, the parallels between Bolger's and Salatin's approaches to food production are astounding. And the responses of their local government and regulatory bodies are similar, ranging from ignorance to ridicule to outright hostility. I think Bolger and Salatin are kindred spirits and need to meet one of these days.

So, finally, what is that thing we yearn for that is slipping away, that thing we can't define, that thing that we know but cannot name, that is known to the messer, and the fisherman, and the farmer, and the baker, and the candlestick maker? If you read Salatin's book you'll see the answer, though what you see may not be exactly what I saw. But I promise you'll be closer to knowing its name and, more importantly, closer to the hope that its loss is preventable.

Everything I Want to Do Is Illegal seems to me like a perfect book for the kind of readership that chooses the path less traveled. Joel Salatin is one of us. The book is available at amazon.com and other national booksellers, ISBN 978-0-9638109-5-3. Learn more about Joel at www.polyfacefarms.com.

GOT AN OPINION?

Related to messing
about in boats...
(no politics, etc.)
If it's too long for
"You Write to us about..."
it might fit right in
on this page.



New in Paperback

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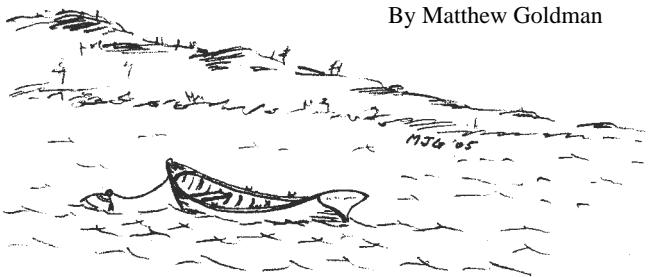
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By Matthew Goldman



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

Well, the blizzard missed us here by the shore. Hartford revels in nearly 2' of fresh powder, we received 6". About chin high on our half-grown pusslet, who wants back into the house after a brief surveillance of the bird feeder. The omniscient gods of meteorology threaten warm weather later this week. Work has slowed and I'd welcome a row up the Mystic River with my eager young Whitehall pulling boat. I'll need to purchase a little folding anchor for her eventually, and some roding, and procure a bucket in which to coil it down. I may need to move my bow eye lower to facilitate towing. My 7½' Shaw and Tenney spruce oars whimper plaintively for more varnish.

At present three boats await their turn to play in our small shop; a century old, hard chined wooden catboat, a neglected Ensign, and another local Petrel. Just now her gleaming mast, and those of two other Petrels plus booms and clubs, rest in the loft, waiting to be addressed with sandpaper and determination. The former, at least, is seldom in short supply. I've decided to hang the three 30' masts from the trusses and varnish them all at once. All of the standing rigging has eyes spliced round the mast, beneath the track, of course, and looped over special bronze fittings. Working around these splices and their hardware provides constant amusement. There are eight per mast; three pair of shrouds, a head stay, and a forestay for the small jib.

It's difficult to comprehend the hours expended maintaining wooden yachts. A 21' Petrel has a lot of bright work by today's standards. The usual seasonal maintenance, including minor repairs, involves at least 40 hours. To wood the boat may require three times that. A 50' wooden boat could keep someone busy year round. Having owned an all-wood sloop, I can empathize. I caulked, refastened, scraped, and painted more than I ever sailed. When we call a brightly varnished boat a work of incredible beauty, we mustn't forget to emphasize the word "work."

John Keats asserted timelessly, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Certainly is, lad. Just roll up your sleeves, Johnny, take a hold of this little badger, dip his tail in the varnish, squat beside this stretch o' coamin', and show us how to keep it bright forever.

I must confess, having both worked on boats and written about working on boats, I prefer the latter. But given the choice between wetting the rail of a beautiful boat or simply writing about her, I'll take the former option every time I don my dust mask.

Our spar loft has a decent view of West Cove once you fight your way to the eastward windows. The floor bristles with plywood patterns, gear from boats, defunct woodworking equipment, and buckets of hardware. A crowded bench runs the entire length of the north wall. Above it a deep shelf, also running the length of the loft, overflows with 20 types of marine hose; with rub rail guard, with sail bags, with Neptune knows what else. Above and below the bench are tiers of Petrel masts. On the opposite wall racks supporting booms and oars and spinnaker poles run nearly floor to ceiling. The cross ties of the gambrel roof threaten to dump their load of cedar boards, outriggers, spars, and a mold for a pulling boat. Another long mold and three more masts depend beneath the beams. As I work the fluorescent fixtures overhead illuminate a million motes of exalted sanding dust

I've tuned in the classical station. During the warmer months the starlings squabble ceaselessly within the well-seasoned wallboards. This winter's day without wind sounds sagely quiet. Now, late afternoon, everyone else has gone home, the shop below is still. No sound remains save the genius of J.S. Bach. Some days I listen to Billie Holiday, some days to Jimi Hendrix. Today there is only the genius of J.S. Bach. And the swish of 220 sandpaper, to and fro.

(Matthew's book, *The Journals of Constant Waterman*, was reviewed in our December 15 issue. Look on his website at www.constantwaterman.com for more details).

Twenty-Five Years of MASCF

By Jim Thayer

The first weekend of October 2007 was the 25th meeting of the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival, a splendid chance to greet old friends, exclaim over the growth of children, and generally kick back amongst beautiful small boats.

A commercial boat show offers a chance to run your hand over a smoothly varnished gunnel, admire the joinery, marvel at the prices, and secretly console yourself that you could do that if you had the time. Maybe someday you will. At the other extreme is the messabout where many of the boats are homebuilt, some exquisite, others described as workboat finish. Sailing and rowing, liberally larded with eating and drinking are the norm at these affairs.

Somewhere in between these extremes the Mid-Atlantic Small Boat Festival has grown and prospered, I think, because it was conceived as a fun affair with no elitist rules or pretensions regarding materials, provenance, or even propulsion. After some discussion the term festival was decided upon as embodying the spirit of the meeting.

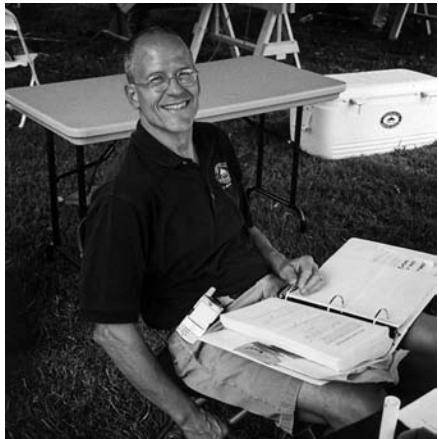
Things change in 25 years. Beach launching has given way to sliding boats down wooden ramps or hauling them to the downtown ramp. A couple of grand buildings have risen, testifying to the museum's success. Toddlers in cotton bilge britches have gone out into the world and even started families. Pioneers from the early years are a little grayer but most are still trim and getting their feet wet.

As John Ford remarked on several occasions, the Festival is not really about boats, but rather about people. One doesn't hammer the old Dodge across the country to caress a silky gunnel or admire an elegant transom, but it is well worth the pain to clasp hands with a sailing buddy, embrace a dear lady, or get a hug from a little girl grown mature and even more fetching.

So let's wander around, look at boats, slap some backs, search for names to fit familiar faces, and chuckle over shared triumphs and disasters. Can you believe, somebody brought up my improbable feat of anchoring from the masthead?

Here are a few of the folks who have made this such a memorable get-together:

Always smiling honcho John Ford.



Lovely flaming haired Kate McCormick who organized and ran the first festivals, with Janis Thayer.



Festival queens; Muir, Cockey, Thayer, Youcha.



T-shirt pair, Dean Melodones and Mary Slaughter (Design Works, those *Wind in the Willows* T-shirts). and man-about-the-waterfront Dave Cannell looks on.

Old boatbuilder and new CBMM hire, Dan Sutherland, with family, Afra, Sky and Storm.



Vera and Lacey (nee England) do artsy crafts.



Long time folding schooner man Vernon Hardesty.



Steve Poe with ex-Urbanna mafioso and donor of the coveted Cuban Bandera, Al Watkins.



Paddle maker Dave Kavner, stonemason Steve Poe, celeb boatbuilder Joe Youcha.

Long timers Meladones, England and a couple of Hickses.



You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

Veterans After All That

We continued messing about in our Marshall 22 catboat *Catzilla* in and around Boston Harbor throughout the late fall waiting for the cold weather to drive us ashore. But then the remnant of tropical storm Noel blew in hard for an amazingly short 12-hour northeaster/northwester cycle and, after watching helplessly on Saturday, November 3, whilst *Catzilla* was wildly thrashed on her mooring, we went out for a sunny last sail on Sunday, merely 24 hours after the storm, and then removed her sail. We hauled her out on Veteran's Day. I guess we are veterans now after all that.

Spencer Day, Milton, MA

Designs...

Model Plane Rescue Craft

Some readers might find this photo of interest following up on the article in the September 15 issue, "Some of What Floats Also Flies." The design of the boat, which has a 3" draft, seems like a clever solution to a special problem. This appeared in an article about flying model airplanes in the September, 1940 issue of *Popular Mechanics*.

Jonathan Bradley, N. Monmouth, ME



A Stable, Fast, Fun Way to Go

Here is a practical boat design that is not too expensive to build that will provide a stable, fast, safe, and fun way to go from Point A to Point B and back.

Why have I come up with this design? Because in strong winds on Yorkagannny Reservoir I crossed three times paddling like a madman only to find I made little headway until I hugged the lee shore. So I began designing a sail rig to solve this problem. This was back in 1971.

Now I am on my third tri design. It has a sail rig that is not overpowering, 34.1sf, outriggers that give it the stability of a 9' beam, leeboards and rudder that kick up when they hit a submerged rocks when launching and returning to shore.

It has a mast that is 12' long piece of 1½" diameter hand rail from Home Depot, locking L bolts from CLC that hold the akas to the hull, and bronze rudder hardware. It is sealed with West System™ epoxy and 4oz fiberglass cloth with plenty of coats of Mc-Clusky Spar Varnish.

It sails very well without the amas but to be safe from broaching (taking on water) the amas do the job. Without the leeboards it will only go downwind.

Here are some calculations from N.L. Skene's *Elements of Yacht Design*:

Load per linear foot on mast: Sail area divided by height (luff) = $34\frac{1}{10}$ ' = 3.41lbs

per square foot or 34mph = breaking point of unstayed mast.

Stability: WPC = 7.92 very low or stable. Dell Angle = 7.24 very stiff with 9' beam = a 50° centerboarder yacht = normal 10-22 degrees.

Speed: Sail area divided by wetted surface area = 6.924-7.4.

Epilog: This 12' canoe is about 100 years old so I plan not to overstress it or myself.



Phunstuph

Here are photos of my mini-clammer, *Phunstuph*, based on a Bolger-designed 10'x4.5' Nymph which I purchased unfinished for \$75 from a local antique shop. I have extensively modified it for local fishing and clamping. Phil and Suzanne have seen the pictures and thought it an acceptable modification.

George L. Thompson, Essex, MA



Information of Interest...

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory News

As the leaves have turned and the air has become cold the shop is once again a flurry of activity. Young people are busy making wood shavings and sawdust as they build nine 15' wooden canoes, complete a Shellback Dinghy donated by Ed Youtz, and restore the pinky sloop, *O'Suzanne*, donated by Norman and Suzanne Hascoe. Amidst the whirl of the bandsaw and grind of the thickness planer, this is what you see when you focus in on individuals:

Theo's skill with a hand plane and his understanding of what makes a good fit have greatly advanced. To take his skill to the next level we have introduced a feeler gauge in order to probe the joint for four thousands of an inch imperfections that are keeping it from becoming a tight fit.

Amy, Mitch, and Mark confronted the fact that in constructing their canoe nothing is getting done due to the fact that no one can figure out how to use Amy's ideas, Mitch just complains, and Mark isn't involved enough. Working together using everyone's strengths they are "idea girl," "I saw guy," and "measuring man." Their canoe has begun to progress rapidly as they recognize their different strengths and add to their group identity.

Brian, an unlikely leader, has gained the respect of his fellow students with his perseverance, sense of humor, and relentless willingness to tackle the hard task. Although we have only given him a little guidance and allowed him to continue to struggle when it seemed important to him to do so, it seems his strengths had before remained below the surface.

Over the past 11 years moments like these have defined the core of our work and has all been made possible by supporters of the organization. It is these moments that our board of directors are now using as sign posts to guide our current strategic planning process. Increasing and growing these scenarios are the targets the planning process is focused on effecting.

Projects and Happenings:

Students from The Vanguard School spent three weeks in August building half models in their Summer Matters program.

Students from Radnor High School Special Education Program and Sequoia Alternative Program are currently building wooden canoes.

Students from Philadelphia Mennonite High School will be starting to build wooden canoes in the beginning of 2008.

Students from The Vanguard School, Brother Rousseau Academy, The Bridge Program, and Philadelphia City Sail are building a Shellback dinghy and restoring a pinky sloop.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory staff are finishing a partial restoration of a 1952 *Virtue* class sailboat.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory staff have been working with the Independence Seaport Museum to restore a deck on the Spanish American War battleship *Olympia*.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory staff are beginning the building of a 18' reach boat commissioned for use on Long Island, New York, and designed by Geoff McKonly.

2008 Boat Building Classes:

Beginner Boat Building, Tuesday evenings, January 15 to March 18.

Build Your Own Wooden Surfboard, Saturday and Sunday, January 26 and 27, February 2 and 3, 9 and 10.

Build Your Own Chesapeake Light Craft Kayak, Saturday and Sunday, March 29 and 30, April 5 and 6, 12 a 13th.

Classes at Independence Seaport Museum: Boat Budding 101, Saturday and Sunday, January 12 and 13 and 19 and 20.

Visit www.woodenboatfactory.org for detailed information or to register.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2126 West Moyamensing Ave, Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400

Sinknetters Correction

I heard from Mr. Francis Hayden, the Registrar of the North Carolina Maritime Museum, about an error in my "Sinknetters of Harker's Island" article in the August 1 issue. Mr. Hayden informed me that the Museum did not restore the *Sylvia II*. Mr. Paul Fontenoy, the Curator of Maritime Research & Technology at the Museum, informed me that the *Sylvia II* is in Peletier Creek in Morehead City, North Carolina, behind the home of her owner.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Information Wanted...

Downsizing and Slowing Down

I am looking to purchase a sailboat for messing about in. I live on Lake Champlain in northeastern New York. I have been doing some research and would welcome the opportunity to chat with some of you messers.

I have been sailing an F-27 Corsair Tri for the past five years and I'm really interested in downsizing and slowing down... some. The ideal boat would allow me and a friend to beach cruise (ideally to be able to pull the boat up on a beach) and camp on the boat. Being able to sail in the shallows would be a definite plus. I'd like the boat to handle well even in a stiff breeze. Oars or paddles for power are OK. It would be nice not to have to mess with an engine. Trailering is a must so we can explore new cruising grounds.

I'd like to hear feedback on the boats on my short list as well as any other boats or features you might suggest:

18" Beach Cruiser Alaska, designed by Donald Kurylko. Based on a Whitehall design.

Norseboat 17.5 Explorer.

21' Sea Pearl, mono and/or tri configuration.

Windrider 17 Tri, small, can only sleep one person. But fast.

I'd like an opportunity to sail these boats. I'm willing to travel to a messer event. I'd like to meet some of the people I've met on these pages. Event suggestions for the winter or spring?

Any info or chance to sail would be much appreciated.

Mac MacDevitt, PO Box 273, Essex, NY 12936, (518) 570-5606, mac@willex.com

Scarping Joints Article

Several years ago there was an article/letter in *MAIB* referring to a commercial mechanism designed to build scarping joints. I have been unable to locate that old issue or to find this tool on the internet. If you can recall the article or find reference to it I would appreciate help in finding tool.

Eugene Cosnahan, 12815 Newcastle Ave, Baton Rouge, LA 70816, (225) 757-5188, ewcosnahan@cox.net

Editor Comments: Our "archives" at messingaboutinboats.com lists all articles from 1983 through 1999, courtesy of retired reader Dave Thibodeau. No listing exists from 2000 on. For us to provide this service we need the Volume, Issue, and Page Numbers for each article ordered from the archives listing. Can any readers help on this?

Small Nub on Saw?

While renovating a house in Quoddy Village, Eastport, Maine, the fellow refinishing the floors brought me an old handsaw that gave us all pause for a moment followed by the inevitable question, "What is it?" It being a small nub on the top edge of the saw blade about 4" back from the tip. One possible answer was that it is a "kewpie point," whatever that is used for, but nobody knew for sure. Maybe some readers have an answer to this interesting woodworking tool?

Patrick Mehl, 39 Grandview Rd, Charlotte, ME 04666, (207) 454-7441



Penobscot 17 Underway

Here are a couple of pictures of the Penobscot 17 I have been building.

Gary Shores, Palm Bay, FL



Opinions...

Rigged Differently

Your sailing friend Paul's Stonehorse may have been rigged differently than I remember but I think the jib is roller furled and the staysail is wishbone rigged and not roller furled. (thus a slight discrepancy in your "Commentary" in the November 1 issue). The Stonehorse is a "lovely" boat and I wish I had never parted with mine.

Jim Kidd, Yahala, FL

Enjoyed "Nautical IQ Quiz"

I enjoyed Dr. Regan's "Nautical IQ Exam" in the November 1 issue. I assume that the "55" given as the answer to question #5 was a typo and should be ".55." It looks like the decimal was left out in the answer (.547).

However, I would take issue with the idea that one can use meters in measuring fathoms (even though there are 1.828 meters in a fathom) since a "fathom" comes from an Old English term "to embrace or arms outstretched" and the distance was about 6'. While some of the Old English people probably knew about meters in their sagas and poems, I doubt if they worried about such with their boating.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Projects...

Building Li'L Beauty

I am currently building a Li'L Beauty kayak with plans from Walter Head of Hobbycraft Kayaks. My eight-year-old grandson wanted me to help him build a boat just for him. I showed him all of the plans I have collected and he chose the Li'L Beauty because at 38-40lbs he can carry it himself. We do a little on it every weekend for as long as his attention span lasts. When we get it finished I will send a picture.

William Vines, Andalusia, AL

This Magazine...

More Information with Plans

I have seen several plans in your publication that I would like build, especially Bob Sparks' solo canoe. I would suggest to you that when articles, like this and others, are submitted, an address for additional information be included. I know that some of these designs are copyrighted and, not wanting to violate the copyright, would like to get permission to build the boat. I would also like to get more detailed plans from the designers. If you could include this information, I for one would be very grateful.

In the October 15 issue, Chuck Raynor of Richmond, Virginia, wrote about the Comet Class sailboat built in Skaneateles, New York. I took special interest in his comments because my father, John S. Barnes, probably built the boat. John and his brother George owned the Skaneateles Boat Company at that time. I thought that Chuck might have more questions about the boat that I might be able to answer. Also I would suggest to Chuck that he do a search on the web for Comet Class International. I found the site to be very interesting and informative. I also have some photos and information on a Comet National Championship held in Skaneateles in the late 1940s.

John Barnes, Marcellus, NY

Editor Comments: We generally include contact information for designs featured on our pages if the designers/builders/writers agree. Bob Sparks no longer offers his plans for sale and asked me to publish them for anyone interested in building his design. What you saw in the October 1 issue is what you get.

Right in Backyard

I was quite surprised to read the story of the BEER run in the September 15 issue, right in my backyard. I'm looking forward to my subscription. It should help to fill some idle moments while camping as well fueling my dreams.

John Likens, Pensacola, FL



Three gaffers that made the fest: Our own *Sara B* at left, *Liberty of Wilson* center, owned by the Alexander family, and little *Marinna* at right.

Our home waters of Lake Ontario have seen several wooden boat gatherings come and go over the years. One of the more successful and enjoyable of these affairs has been the Oak Orchard Wooden Boat Festival, now in its seventh year, hosted by the Orleans County Marine Park and a group of hard-working volunteers.

The Oak Orchard gathering is not a boat show with judges of national renown examining each boat for minute imperfections and flaws. Instead, the spirit of the day is one of relaxed enjoyment and shared interest in boats as owners show off, discuss, and occasionally shove off with their pride and joy, be it a professionally finished mahogany hull runabout with gleaming topsides or an elderly schooner with a "50' finish".

The 2007 festival, held August 11 and 12, attracted more boats than ever before. Many, though not all, were biodegradable. They ranged from seven to 47 feet in length. There were boats one could pick up with one hand and there were boats that had two bathrooms, each with a shower. Homemade boats,

Doug Collins, owner of *Marinna*, is from Hamilton, Ontario. He had the distinction of bringing the furthest traveled boat (on its own bottom).



Oak Orchard Wooden Boat Festival

By Susan Gately



Close up of *Marinna*'s raven figurehead. This little Tancock whaler had more "head gear" than our own *Sara B*. Note the separate jib boom and dolphin striker, quite the little ship.

Jake Allen, a very talented high school student and musician, rode with our *Sara B* again.



professionally made boats, old and new boats all came together at the high forested banks of Oak Orchard Creek as their owners celebrated a glorious late summer weekend.

One boat I found of interest was the *Marinna*, a double ended 30' Tancock Whaler of traditional line and schooner rig. She was a visitor from across the lake built in BC in 1975. She recently came to Lake Ontario through the efforts of her Hamilton-based owner Doug Collins. I boarded her for a look below and delighted in her cozy, well laid out interior complete with cast iron range for heat and cooking. *Marina* was built largely of west coast cedar by a skilled craftsman who closely followed the traditional working inshore fisherman design. With her clipper bow, sweet sheer, and lean low hull she was a treat to look upon. The stark simplicity of her ten-horse one-cylinder Saab diesel sitting in its own roomy accommodation area aft also appealed.

Another old salt I enjoyed visiting with was Jim Way who on this day was messing about with a 14' Penn Yan Swift. These sporty little race boats were the '57 Cor-



Jim Wade underway in his Swift, *Teen Angel*.

ettes of outboards according to Way. The 175lb Swift was in production from about 1951 to 1957 and when powered by a 30- to 35-horse motor the little boat could go like a scalded cat. Penn Yan produced hundreds of the popular little racers. Way bought his *Teen Angel* on eBay and had her professionally refinished. Way is an extremely capable woodworker who has worked professionally in a boat yard. He found the Swift upended in a barn, grimy and neglected, but still in good structural condition.

eBay was also the catalyst for the presence of another festival boat as well, that being the schooner *Sara B*. This elderly cedar and oak gaffed hails from the Mahone Bay area of Nova Scotia. Built as a yacht in the early 1950s and then brought to the New York City area where she spent most of her life, she displayed the classic lines of a transom stern Tancock schooner endowed with

the characteristic boxy Maritimes deck house that contrasted sharply with her graceful hull. *Sara B*'s skipper Chris Gateley found her listed on eBay in 2004 and placed the winning bid (also the ONLY bid) that transferred her from Long Island to Little Sodus Bay on Lake Ontario.

Up on the grassy lawn overlooking the Oak Orchard Creek several dozen small craft and trailerables were on display, among them a 1957 kit built boat, the *Tinkerbell*, complete with 1957 tow vehicle, trailer, and manikins in period 1957 fashions. Adirondack Guide Boat, Inc, a professional shop that builds dozens of boats a year, was on hand with a collection of wood and Kevlar canoes and a strip plank guide boat, while several other paddle and rowing craft were also either ashore or afloat, including fiberglass canoes, a home-built glass and lauan kayak, and several restored antiques.

A group of kayakers dropped in to check out the boatfest. Oak Orchard is deep and scenic, an excellent paddling creek.

The boatfest's highlight was its Saturday afternoon parade, led off by a large power cruiser with several musicians aboard playing Dixieland jazz. A runabout transported Brian Kozody the juggler and the local fire department's fire boat followed with water cannon cascading on demand. Bringing up the rear with her two-cylinder Thorneycroft Diesel running flat out at 800rpm was *Sara B* with Jake Allen the bagpiper aboard.

It was a grand affair. No one sank or collided, only one boat had to drop out after her engine sputtered and died, and everyone eventually managed to get back to the dock intact. Check out <http://www.woodenboatfest.com> for more photos of the Oak Orchard Boat Fest.



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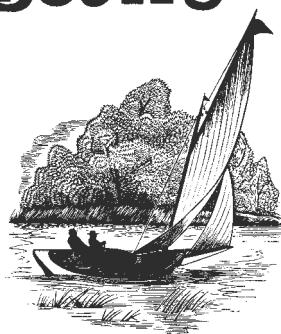
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Steamup at the Essex Ship- building Museum

By Bob Hicks

Way back last spring local small boat and steam enthusiast Ed Howard informed me of his plans to hold a steam power meet at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in his home town of Essex, Massachusetts, so I'd be sure to plan to be there. The museum is only a dozen miles from home and I've always been interested in steam power (but not so much as to be lured into its mystique, I have no time for another hobby) so on October 13 Jane and I dropped by the museum at the head of the Essex River.



S/L Corinne Kathleen

By Steve White, North Hampton, NH

I'm a newcomer to steam boating, I've been familiar with steam and boats all of my life, but have just recently put these two great pastimes together.

The *Corinne Kathleen* is a Rose model launch that is 20' overall with a 5' beam. The bare hull was laid up in polyester and fiberglass by Beckman Ltd at Slocum, Rhode Island in 2003. Prior to doing the woodwork for the deck I widened the hull by approximately 6" by stretching it with jacks amidships while the glass was green. The woodwork is West System epoxy over oak.

The engine is a Tiny Power "M" single cylinder 3" bore with a 4" stroke, running high pressure. The engine was built by Ron and Deeann Baird of Bealton, Virginia. The boiler, which was also built by Beckman Ltd., is a Hobby Steam Power Ltd, vertical fire tube boiler. The boiler is fired with wood. The power plant was installed this year, replacing a smaller boiler and engine.

Our steam experience so far has been mostly local, with a brief test excursion on New Hampshire's Pawtuckaway Lake, a week at the steam meet in Moultonborough on Lake Winnipesaukee each of the last three years, and most recently, this meet in Essex, Massachusetts. People like Russ Steeves and Dave Thorpe are indicative of the fine folks involved in steam boating and have been very gracious to newcomers such as my wife and I.

The air was filled with smoke on a nice sunny fall day, many steam-powered artifacts of various types lined the museum's yard. Stationary engines small and large chuffed away, a Stanley Steamer automobile in what appeared to be original unrestored condition had been driven to the meet some 45 miles by its owner.

Inside the boat shop model engines were lined up on benches running on compressed air. On the lawn in front of the museum store two scale model steam locomotives, mounted on short track sections jacked up so their driving wheels could turn, chuffed away. Mostly older guys in steam engineer outfits, overalls, visored caps, striped shirts, bandanas, etc, manned many of the displays. The crowd was quite large and the museum director busy selling tickets was elated with the success of the affair.

But we were here to see the steamboats and there were three afloat with another ashore. Those afloat were at the town dock next to the museum's waterfront at the head of the Essex River, busy loading up with passengers for short outings downriver about a mile and back, escorted by the harbormaster and the local environmental police, their cost paid from some leftover town grant money.

We awaited a slackening in demand and then boarded the next available steam launch, David Thorpe's *S/L Wicwas*. Once underway the charm of steam power washed over us once again, the quiet click-click of the valve gear at 180-200rpm, the maze of pipes and valves, sounding much like a sort of wet sewing machine at work. Progress at four knots was stately and the lack of the inherent noise of an internal combustion engine at work was a delight.

I followed up our outing by asking the three steamboaters to tell us about their boats and herewith is what they had to say:



S/L Redbug

By Russ Steeves, Chelmsford, MA

I was introduced to *Messing About In Boats* when one of my friends saw a picture of my boat in your August 15, 2005 issue. Jim Thayer did a nice little write-up at that time. I can't say enough about the contributions both Jim and Ronnie Baird have given to the steam boating aspect of "messing about in boats."

I contracted a lot of the work on my steamboat, giving Ronnie the "most detailed specifications" he had seen. He did all the wood work and finishing and mounted all the major components which I provided. The red stained mahogany inspired me to name it after the beautiful Redbud trees.

I have a small machine shop in my basement and have done most of the mechanical work including the collapsible canopy, details picked up and adapted from flea markets, handmade rope fenders, and other nautical Victorian details.

After the steam expands through the engine it is condensed, collected in a hot well, and reused. Water lost due to whistle blowing and the like is replenished from a bow tank. *S/L Redbud* burns about one grocery bag of hardwood per hour. Its top speed is about 6mph!

Since I first launched it in May, 2005, I have towed it to many meets. In 2007 my friend John Graham and I towed our boats to Florida, leaving on March 16 during the second big snowstorm of last winter.

ter, 13 hours on the road that day in terrible conditions. It was well worth it! I then steamed it on the Merrimack River here in Lowell, Massachusetts, twice, went to the meet in Waterford, New York, for July Fourth, to Otter Creek, Vermont, the end of July, to Kingston, New York, the next week, to Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire, in the middle of September for our huge annual meet, to the Charles River in Boston the next week, and finally for its first salt water immersion at this Essex meet.

I have to say, steam boating has to be one of the most social aspects of boating. We almost always go out as a flotilla. These boats are so quiet. It's easy to get close to each other to hold a conversation. The folks in this hobby are absolutely wonderful!

S/L Redbud Specifications

Length: 19'

Beam: 5½'

Hull: Thayer Mountain Girl (fiberglass)

Wood Trim: Mahogany

Boiler: Water Tube 16sf

Engine: Home Designed/Built

2½+3¾x2¾

Builder: Rappahannock Boat Works
and Russ Steeves

Launched: May 2005

Owned and Operated by Russ Steeves,
Chelmsford, Massachusetts



S/L Wicwas

By David Thorpe, Meredith, NH

Ed Howard sure put on a nice event in Essex. My wife Marge and I had a great time giving rides to folks and looking over the other displays. You are right about being busy, we even had some trouble taking time out to get lunch.

S/L Wicwas is quite new, initially launched in September 2002 with the hull, engine, and decks complete but without seating and canopy which were completed over the next three years. The name *Wicwas* has a Native American origin and is the name of a small lake where we live.

The hull is molded fiberglass with a balsa core from a mold in Buffalo, New York, and from a plug designed and built by Jim Webster. It is usually referred to as the "Rochesterville" hull but is now called the "America 25." The hull is 24'7"x7'. When built out she is about 25' overall.

All decks, seats, and canopy aprons are of white oak. The decks are laid up from ship lap strips about 2" wide screwed and bunged to frames leaving a deck seam groove $\frac{3}{16}$ " wide filled with black BoatLife Life-Caulk over 3M Fineline bond breaker tape set in the bottom of the grooves.

Boiler lagging is mahogany, as is the canopy skin which is pinned and glued $\frac{1}{4}$ " cove and bead strips to white pine frames with fiberglass covering. The canopy also features an operable skylight.

I machined the engine from Crescent (Crescent Marine Steam Engines, Suffolk, Virginia) castings with considerable customizing along the way. It is a 3"+5"x4" (high pressure cylinder diameter plus low pressure cylinder diameter times stroke) compound with Stephenson reversing links. I converted the high pressure valve to a piston valve this past winter to reduce friction and wear on the high pressure valve components. The propeller (more correctly, wheel) is 24"x34" mounted on a 1¼" Aquamet shaft and cutlass bearing with a stern tube.

The boiler is a 46sf vertical fire tube with 18" firebox and 22" outer shell made by The Benson Mountain Boiler Company in Rhode Island and is certified to ASME code. The safety valve is set at 150psi and usual operating pressure is about 130psi. Water is usually supplied by an engine pump with backup from a $\frac{3}{8}$ " Penberthy injector and a Neptune manual pump.

The engine also drives an air pump which pulls about 25" Hg vacuum on the keel condenser, discharging into a hot well (condensate reservoir) with a float valve providing closed loop operation and nearly automatic boiler water level control. An 11gal reserve tank in the bow supplies make-up water when operating in brackish water.

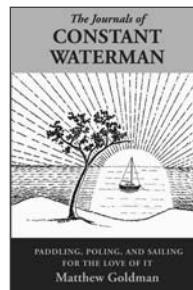
There are four custom castings made from my own patterns; deck bollards, inset chocks in the toe rails, propeller skeg in bronze, and boiler firebox door in cast iron which has the boat name and home port in raised letters.

Initial warm-up takes about 45 minutes and normal operation uses about 25lbs of wood per hour. With the engine at 180rpm speed is about 4.5-5 mph. 200rpm produces about 5.5mph and the estimated hull speed of about 6mph can be reached with about 220rpm.

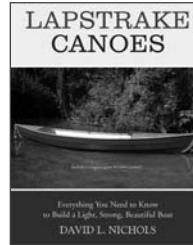
The total weight is about 4,000lbs and the boat is towed on a tandem axle trailer rated for 6,000lbs.

In the summer of 2004 the boat and I played a small role in the making of a History Channel documentary about the sinking of an ironclad warship in the Civil War in October 1864 titled "The Most Daring Mission of the Civil War." More typically we operate on the lakes of central New Hampshire and the Otter Creek in Vergennes, Vermont. Ed's Essex event was the first time the boat has been in salt water where it operated perfectly except for trying to dock with an ebbing tide.

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I had recently read two books on John Cabot's historic trip to the New World in 1497 and was absolutely spellbound by this brave venture into totally unknown territory. Sure, he thought he was looking for a seaway to China and did not fully understand what he found, neither did Christopher Columbus five years earlier a tad to the south. It was still a great feat of seamanship and very chancy as his trip the following year proved. All four vessels of the expedition were lost and not a single sailor lived to tell the tale.

Cape Bauld at the northern tip of Newfoundland or Cape North, the most northern point of Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, are the two most likely "Prima Terra Vista" where he might have stepped ashore and raised the flag and a cross to stake his claim for the British crown. And since Cape Breton Island had eluded me on my 2003/2004 venture circumnavigating the province of Nova Scotia, I felt I had to tackle this formidable, steep, harsh, lonely, and windswept island and, as usual, solo in my trusty Kruger sea canoe, and check out John Cabot's landing spot while I was at it. Did you know that he was actually born as Giovanni Caboto in Genoa, Italy? His name was changed to John Cabot when he offered his services to the merchants of Bristol, England, in 1494.

In any case, I would drive the almost 500 miles from Orono, Maine, to the causeway across the Strait of Canso connecting the island to the mainland. I would try to leave my car at a safe place near the locks and paddle the 340 miles up the western shore to Cape St Lawrence, across to Cape North, and then down the eastern shore into the Bras D'Or Lakes, which would conveniently return me via the St Peter's locks to the Strait of Canso, my starting point.



Geared up and ready to go at the Strait of Canso, Gulf side.

"Room with a view" near McDonald Glen.



Solo Around Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia by Sea Canoe

By Reinhard Zollitsch

John Cabot's 1497 Landing In the New World

It sounds so easy but always takes a lot of preparation, including reserving a camping spot in the Cape Breton National Park for day five of my trip. I had learned my lesson, no wild beach camping in a Canadian National Park.

In May I had "Paddled to the Sea" (October 15 issue) from Lake Ontario to Quebec City in order to celebrate that city's upcoming 400th birthday, but this time I would really "paddle to the sea," the Cabot Strait, separating Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and to the open Atlantic. That should be exciting, I couldn't wait.

Leg 1: Up the Western Shore of Cape Breton Island

I gulped as I followed one of the area's worst rain and hail storms to the island, got a room at the Cove Motel right at the causeway, and was allowed to park my car there for the duration of my trip, 16 days. Thanks, folks! Nancy was minding the fort at home in Orono and I would contact her each evening at a prearranged time for my brief safety check-in via satellite phone.

First days on the water are mostly the hardest but this day, June 29, 2007, was downright bad. Not only was the boat with all its gear and food for the entire trip at its heaviest, the wind was blowing 20 knots from the NW onto my left bow. It had a very long fetch to boot and waves were breaking everywhere. I was wet in no time and going nowhere. I seriously wondered what I was

doing here. I could have stayed home watching the America's Cup and the Tour de France on TV, patting my aging but still very eager and appreciative dog by my feet, and enjoying Nancy's cheerfulness around me, not to mention getting to know my brand-new grandson in Maine, born June 25. I was close to giving up but dug in harder when I noticed what my mind was doing.

I usually only do one big trip a year, but after my 350-mile paddle from Lake Ontario down the St Lawrence to Quebec City in late May, I suddenly felt the urge to go around Cape Breton to complete my "Paddle to the Sea," but mostly because I no longer knew whether my aging bones would let me gear up for another big trip the next year. The fear of aging was finally catching up to me at 68, especially when it comes to taking on formidable challenges like the very exposed Cape Breton Island.

After five hard and wet hours on the water I ducked into Judique Harbor, having made it up the coast only 19 miles. I was spent and set up my tent on a small patch of grass near the town ramp. A belated lunch of PB&J and coffee slowly picked me up. I then learned that this day was the last day of the lobstering season "and would I like to celebrate this occasion with a lobster?" a friendly lobster fisherman asked. I showed him my tiny pot. "No problem. I'll be back later." And he was, around supper time with a steaming boiled lobster and a bottle of beer. "Enjoy! It's on me!" That did it, the trip was on for sure. Cape St Lawrence and Cape North, here I come! And I never doubted myself again.

I had planned to average close to 20 nautical miles (22.5 statute miles) daily and I did just that, 21 statute miles for a total of 336 miles in 16 days, no time off for wind or fog. I paddled through everything.

In three days I paddled past Port Hood, Mabou (watch out for the very strong ebb tide at its mouth), and Margaree Harbor to the biggest fishing port along this western shore of Cape Breton Island, Cheticamp. Every day the wind stayed more or less in the west and increased with each hour. So I decided to start my day at 5am Eastern Atlantic Time, which seemed awfully early, even before sunrise. The tide the first six days up the western shore was ebbing from 5am to 5pm, while the flood tide took over the remaining 12 hours, a strange diurnal tide pattern which I was familiar with from the north shore of Prince Edward Island. On clear days I had PEI on my western horizon for a long time until it finally dropped out of sight behind me.

Start of Cabot Trail auto road, Cape Breton Highlands National Park.



So far the shoreline had been steep right from the beginning, mostly twisted sedimentary sandstone or igneous bedrock ranging from red to black. But there were some harbors now and then to run into for shelter, if needed, or small pocket beaches to land on in an emergency. From Cheticamp on, though, my charts indicated that harbors and pocket beaches would be fewer the farther north I went and the shore would get even steeper right down to the water. I would have to plan my runs very carefully from one possible take-out to the next.

Just north of Cheticamp the Cape Breton Island National Park starts. On a sunny day the shore is absolutely stunning while mist or even fog will continue to hang over the highland moors. A lone pilot whale greeted me at the entrance and a few more passed by me unperturbed later. Up on the steep hills to my right I occasionally saw cars on the famous spectacular coastal route, the Cabot Trail.

I made it fine to Fishing Cove, the only park campsite accessible from the water. I pitched my tent on the nearest tent platform, watched several hikers drop in, and had a wonderful, sunny and restful day. All my gear got dried, a real triumph for a small boater.

Leg 2: The Big Task Rounding the Two Capes

Now for the two northern capes. I had planned to stop short of Cape St Lawrence on a seawall in Lowland Cove and then sneak around the two capes in the calm of the next morning. That sounded great, only the wind sprang up from the NW again as I passed Pleasant Bay, increasing while I was trying to get past the last five-mile long High Capes. Scott Cunningham calls this area "most spectacular." He even mentions waterfalls. Sorry, Scott, I missed them. I had my eyes on the breaking waves on my left and could not appreciate the stunning views on my right. All I knew was that I had a fiercely steep and very hard shore downwind from me on my right. It was rugged looking, all right, but I had no leisure to enjoy the beauty of it all.

Well, I made it into Lowland Cove but found I could not possibly land in the surf on the designated "beach," which was more of a hard seawall anyway. So I tucked into an even smaller but slightly better protected seawall cove just before it, noticing later that the brittle sandstone cliffs behind my tent were breaking up, showering rocks to either side of me. I analyzed the situation, worked out the gravity forces, put my bullet-proof Kev-

lar boat behind my tent as a rock-catcher and stayed. (I did not have much of a choice in that tiny cove anyway). It rumbled all afternoon and night but never hit my humble abode with me in it.

Tomorrow was going to be the day I had been looking forward to for quite some time, with some trepidation I must admit. Rounding the two most northerly capes, Cape St Lawrence and Cape North, was definitely going to be the high point of my Cape Breton Island trip. I had studied my charts carefully, as well as read Scott Cunningham's sea kayaking guide for Nova Scotia, and had transferred all pertinent information onto my charts. I knew all the options I had, traversing this forlorn, desolate, and fierce-looking shoreline, 22 miles to a waterfall I had picked for my next stopover on the other side.

I skipped making coffee in the morning and had an even earlier start. The tide was still going out but the wind was in the NW again, breaking on all off-shore rocks. I anticipated a tidal confusion at the tip of the first cape but was able to tuck right behind the sheer cliffs and found an absolutely surreal calm sea off the most stunning rock formations yet. The dark layered rocks were twisted and contorted like taffy. Thin streaks of brilliant white quartz underlined the agony this shore must have gone through when it was formed. I even found a large rock arch spanning into the water like a flying buttress of a mighty cathedral. I was spellbound and really enjoyed being here. This was it all right and definitely made up for the High Capes I had missed yesterday.

I had a hard time tearing myself away from this grandiose landscape but I still had to round another cape, Cape North, sticking even farther north into Cabot Strait with the open Atlantic on the other side rather than the Gulf of St Lawrence, there is a distinct difference between the two.

The two tiny harbors of Meat Cove and MacDougal Harbor could offer minimal shelter if I needed it between the two capes. I, however, wanted to get to

Cape North as fast as possible. But rounding the last eight-mile large St Lawrence Bay seemed to take forever, two hours, that is. By then the wind had picked up again from the SW and rounding the cape as well as the lighthouse point one mile later were exciting, to say the least. What a stunning, steep and rugged corner this is. My chart has this mountain range at almost 1500' above sea level. It must, therefore, be visible from sea for miles. And this is exactly what John Cabot may/must have seen on his first venture to the new world in 1497 according to the Bristol school of historians.

I loved seeing a picture of the reenactment of Cabot's landing in the little cove to the east of Cape North in 1997 (500 years later) in my books on John Cabot. I paddled right by that little beach, just before the lighthouse point. I dipped my cap in acknowledgement of the seafaring prowess of crew and master, then dug in again to get to that little beach near the waterfall on my charts, another seven miles down this very steep shore now running to the SW.

And there it was and the beach was fine sand and wide and high enough to be safe on at high tide in a breeze. The steep walls behind it would not have allowed me to seek higher shelter.)

Leg 3: Down the Eastern Shore of Cape Breton Island

Next day started fairly calm but foggy. I made it around big Aspy Bay past Dingwall but when I rounded White Point and Cape Egmont the wind suddenly picked up from



Archway in Cabot Strait.

Cape North lighthouse.



Pleasant Bay/High Capes, typical steep shoreline.



the SE accompanied by huge swells. They got fiercer by the minute and started breaking menacingly from over my left bow. I worked hard to get into the nearest harbor which was New Haven, one-and-a-half miles short of my target, Neil Harbor.

I was glad to be in, even though I had picked a noisy, smelly, untidy place with a lobster canning factory right on the docks, but I had no choice,

Thick fog greeted me again the next morning but I was off, working my way towards Ingonisn Harbor with its two huge semicircular bays to the north and steep Ingonisn Island squatting there at the entrance like an overgrown drumlin-shaped watchdog. Recent archaeological digs on the island suggest that it was occupied as a summer fishing camp by the Portuguese as early as 1521, they may even have overwintered here which would make this island one of the earliest "European settlements" this side of the Atlantic.

I felt my way into the harbor and pulled out just inside the large harbor bay. Then it rained, time for a hot cup of cocoa, some fun reading, then studying my charts for tomorrow's haul and a brief three-minute phone call home on my sat-phone, the high point of each day.

After dark and gloomy looking Cape Smoky the coast would run straight SW past hostile-sounding Wreck Cove and Wreck Point without any significant or even insignificant bight or bay or sheltering string of islands. I had to make sure I knew where I was along this still very steep shore and keep going till I got to the first harbor, Briton Harbor, 16 miles down the stretch. I called it a day because there did not seem to be a good take-out spot for the next 13 miles

to St Ann's Harbor. I started drying my gear when a sudden violent thunderstorm put a halt to that endeavor.

Leg 4: On the "Lake with the Golden Arms" (The Bras D'Or Lakes)

It seemed endless to get to the entrance to the Bras D'Or Lakes from Cape North but I finally did. When I rounded Cape Dauphin, which the local fishermen naively call Cape Dolphin (it was named after French royalty, not an aquatic mammal) I noticed the tide was still running out and it was ebbing so hard at the mouth of the narrows between Carey and Noir Point that I was about to get out of my boat and pull it around the gravelly tip. But a fisherman in high waders beat me to it. He grabbed my bow line and kindly gave me a boost around the very point.

I had read that tides were negligible in the lakes but I guess not at the outlet narrows. As a matter of fact, I saw a train of standing tidal waves along the SE shore almost six miles up to the first road bridge while I found a decent, equally long eddy current along the opposite shore. Just short of the bridge, so I would not hear the traffic, I pulled out on a small pocket beach just big enough for my tent. Swimming that afternoon was great and much warmer than around the capes.

I was in, on the lake with the many "Golden Arms," as the name implies. Paddling on the central Bras D'Or Lake, though, is everything but paddling "On Golden Pond," the quaint little lake in the well-known Fonda movie which was filmed on New Hampshire's tiny Squam Lake. Bras D'Or Lake has a 15-square mile center extending 20 or even 40 miles in places. A perfect body of water for sailors and power boaters but a tad too big

for small man-powered boats when the wind springs up. Picture Penobscot Bay in Maine and you get the idea.

My first goal was Baddeck, the only town of any significance along this large lake. I was somewhat surprised to see miles and miles of steep grayish-white limestone shore on my way there after seeing nothing but red sandstone, gray

granite, and mostly black, slate-like metamorphic and igneous bedrock. When I finally rounded the last significant promontory, Beinn Bhreagh (don't you love that name?), Baddeck proper, finally came into view. It was the first active port I had come to since Cheticamp. There were lots of big sailboats moored, some power boats as well as surf skis were whizzing about, there was a sailboard and a junior sailboat lesson in progress. This was a true vacation spot with restaurants and motels ashore, even a museum, the well-known Alexander Graham Bell Museum.

But it was lunch time. I hung onto the inside of Kidston Island, munched down my minimal lunch while quietly watching the busy scene and enjoying the rich smell of a large clump of wild beach roses along my shore. Then I pushed on towards my next stop, well before Barra Strait, the narrows between the two biggest of the Bras D'Or Lakes.

When I got there the next day I again encountered a noticeable tidal flow of about two knots. The big lake then dished out thick fog again, taking away all visibility. I had to carefully navigate through lots of islands and many convoluted points and peninsulas to a protected little beach I had picked just before Fiddle Head Point, a perfect jump-off spot for tomorrow's crossover to Cape George. I got in before the predicted 30 knot winds sprang up, which felt good.

Thick fog greeted me yet again the next morning for my very intricate course to Cameron Island and then three and a half miles across open water to Pringle Island, and yes, there was yet another strong wind warning for later in the day. So I hustled. I made all my way points until one mile out into the lake when out of the blue (you better make that gray since the fog was still hanging around) I was unexpectedly slammed by a sudden 25-30 mile per hour SW wind smack dab on my right bow. It was not supposed to hit until this afternoon! Its timing was real bad. I was stopped in my tracks and was forced to veer off a bit to the east to make any headway. The waves were steep and wet as I angled over them. I had to switch beyond race mode into overdrive to reach shore, and all this without any visibility. That made it even rougher on the old bod as well as the mind. Two and a half miles can be a very long stretch under those conditions.

But I hung in there and was able to fetch the next point, a good mile down the shore,



Fog over Ingonisn.

Bras D'Or Lakes, sunset over "Lake with the Golden Arms."



"White Cliffs" near Baddeck.



and after a brief rest slugged on towards Cape George, another taxing six-hour paddle for the day. I stopped just short of the Cape, which I could barely make out, and holed up for the rest of the day after a quick skinny dip in the nicely warmer waters of the big lake.

At that point I wondered what I would say after my trip when asked, "How did you like the Bras D'Or Lakes?" I would have to answer that the water seemed big and that I missed seeing shore in the constant thick fog. And when it finally cleared I saw nothing but wooded rolling hills with some farmland in between but only very few small communities here and there, a lonely, faraway place.

Leg 5: Through St. Peter's Locks and Back to the Strait of Canso

More dense fog the next day, which meant more accurate navigating for me by chart, compass, and stopwatch; i.e., dead reckoning, no GPS. No, I am not an old stick-in-the-mud, afraid of modern technology, but rather enjoy doing this as an intellectual challenge and being a minimalist.

After Cape George the lake funnels towards the locks at St Peter's where I could not see from one gate to the other. Two big sailboats, headed for Pictou Harbor, Nova Scotia, locked through with me but decided to dock on the Atlantic side to wait out the even denser fog here. We were going the same direction and I knew they must have been somewhat embarrassed when I quietly pushed off with a gentle smile. You see, I like fog. Maybe they were even thinking of alerting the Coast Guard about me or holding me back physically so they would not have to rescue me off the rocks somewhere. In any case, I liked their concern but I was off again.



St. Peter's Locks, double doors to the foggy Atlantic.
Last day of the trip, sunrise over Lenox Passage.



I headed WSW into Lennox Passage where nine miles later, at Grandique Ferry, I finally got my visibility back. The rest of the day turned into the best day yet, even the sun came out, and I got all my wet clothes from the last three days dried. My pre-picked spot for the last night of my trip was a black stone beach near Rock Point at the western end of Lennox Passage.

What a difference the sun makes. Island-strewn Lennox Passage was beautiful and full of bird life, including loons. The rest of Cape Breton Island had impressed me as very quiet except for the constant raucous calls of the ravens, the shrill, adamant cries of the terns, and the gentle, wheezy whistles of the black guillemots. I also saw and heard several bald eagles but not until now loons and ospreys. On the whole it has been a quiet journey compared to other trips of mine and it has been at least as foggy as the south shore of Nova Scotia.

End of Trip

My trip was winding down for sure, and it could not have come at a nicer place, no manmade structure in sight, no noise of human habitation, just me in my little tent at the edge of a large ocean. Tomorrow Lennox Passage would spit me out into the Strait of Canso which could either take me out into the open Atlantic to the SE or to the NW, up to my put-in point at the Canso causeway and locks.

I passed the large freighter *Heather Knutsen*, anchored in one of several designated holding areas waiting to be escorted into Port Hawkesbury with all its industry and large port facilities. And I was right. Another freighter was just leaving its berth when I was about to paddle past. I thought better of it,



Strait of Canso Locks, back to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.
End of another successful solo trip



backed up, and gave freighter and hard-working tugboat plenty of room to swing free.

And then there it was, Porcupine Mountain to the left of the causeway and the entrance to the locks on the right. "Canso Locks, Canso Locks, this is sea canoe *Sea Wind*, sea canoe *Sea Wind*, approaching from the SE."

"Stand back, I'll open one wing," was the instant reply, just as on my 2003 trip through here. And with that I transferred from the Atlantic back to the Gulf of St Lawrence in just a couple of minutes. And as I paddled the last couple of miles across the Strait back into the cove where I had parked my car at the motel, I breathed a big sigh of relief. "You did it once again, Reinhard, good job, and right on schedule, and again without any damage to boat, gear, body, or soul. Maybe you aren't as old as your passport says." I chuckled as I noticed I was talking to myself after 16 days alone at sea.

It was only noon, July 14, 2007, as I finished today's 18-mile stretch, grounding out my boat at the little Cove Motel beach. A large group of people in a very festive mood welcomed me in. "What was up?" I asked. "A big wedding!" was the answer. I was relieved. I got my car, packed up, checked out, and phoned home, leaving a message saying I was starting my almost 500-mile long trek home to Maine.

Eight-and-a-half hours later, with only one brief gas stop as well as a slightly longer stop at the border, I rolled out of my little VW Golf onto the driveway in front of my house. I got my face licked by my trusty old yellow Lab and my wife Nancy, who was then kind enough to pick up the pieces and get me indoors.

I was home, and it felt great!! End of trip.

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Info

Strictly solo and unassisted circular trip of 340 statute miles in 16 days, clockwise around Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, from the causeway to the island and back (no car shuttle). Twenty-one miles per day on average.

Boat: 17'2" Kevlar Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe (www.krugercanoes.com).

Carbon fiber Zaveral marathon racing paddle (www.zre.com).
Luneberg lensatic passive radar reflector from West Marine (so I show up on other boats' radar screens).

Six-inch bicycle wiggle stick with orange flag (for enhanced visibility in fine weather).

Regular beach camping gear, all food for 16+1 days; five gallons of water (topped off twice).

NOAA charts: Ritchie compass and stopwatch for navigation.
VHF radio telephone with weather stations. Iridium Satellite telephone (which I use only for short outgoing calls home).

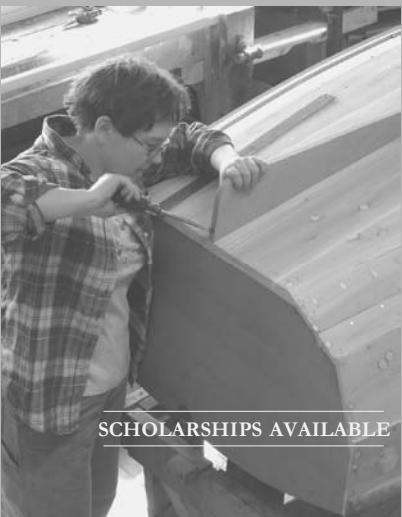
Books: *The Voyage of the Matthew* by Peter Firstbrook, BBC books, 1997. *John Cabot & the Voyage of the Matthew* by Brian Cuthertson, Formac Publ. Co, Ltd, Halifax, NS, Canada, 1997.



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Arriving in the area we were faced with the typical problem of where we could keep the trailer, and now two vehicles, while on the Ochlockonee River. We first went to the State Park, looked over the ramp, and talked to the woman at the gate. She didn't know if overnight parking was allowed but, being very helpful, she said she would try to get in touch with the Park Super and find out. This could take a while, though, as he was somewhere in the park with officials from Tallahassee.

We left my van and the boat there and took off in Doug's car to check out other places. On the way to the park I had noticed a sign saying storage, including boats. But that turned out to be just in the process of being built and was not open yet. Coming into the town of Sopchoppy we saw a sign for the Sopchoppy City Park and drove down there. There was a nice ramp and a campground. No official around so we drove into town and located City Hall. After talking to the two women there and being assured that the Sopchoppy River was navigable down to the Ochlockonee, we were given permission to leave the vehicles and trailer at the park for four or five days. We gave her the makes and license plates of our vehicles, which she relayed to the woman who checks the park and collects the campground fee. When asked, they said, no charge. Great!

We went back, picked up my van and boat, and got back to the park. Before we had left Sopchoppy we picked up a few provisions so as soon as I got the top up we loaded up and launched into the Sopchoppy River. It was already getting dark, so off we went, stopping to tie up at the first nice overhanging branch once clear of the houses on the bank.

The next day we slowly made our way down the Sopchoppy through a back channel in the salt grass marsh and over to the Ochlockonee River at the State Park. It's a very beautiful park and, surprisingly, had very few people using it. I don't know why but was

A Winter in Florida

By Bob Slimak

Part 4

glad for the gift. We walked the trails, then headed off upriver. We saw one huge gator about 16' long, the biggest I saw on the trip. It must have been 2½' broad across its back! Saw several smaller gators but lost almost all of the big wading birds that were on the St Johns. Making up for it, however, was the fact that this area had numerous sandy beaches with water deep enough to beach the boat and hike ashore in pine flatlands. Beautiful!

We spent the day exploring different channels on the Ochlockonee and tied to an overhanging branch for the night. I really like the kinds of trees down here, they overhang far enough to be able to tie up to them far enough out to still be floating. I may beach during the day to explore but won't stay that way for a night. Too uncomfortable a motion. Yes, one can always do the two anchor river thing, or a stern anchor with bow tied to shore, etc. But a branch out from shore needs only one line with no muddy anchors in the morning.

The next day we were exploring channels and found a dock and gravel ramp. Tate's Hell State Forest, the sign said. We took a nice hike on the forest roads, then headed out again. When it got late in the afternoon we decided to go back to another dock we had passed sometime after the first one. This one had four campsites, a pavilion, and satellite toilets. A nice place, but no one here so we stayed for the night.

The next day we headed back downriver and I realized we were no longer on the Ochlockonee. The numbers on the GPS were too far west. I didn't have any maps for the area's rivers. Looking on a portion of my gulf chart, and on the biggest scale road map I had, I concluded we had turned off into the Crooked River. Seeing as how it was very nice and we didn't really care, we just continued downriver. I knew we would not be able to get all the way to Carrabelle as the guidebook mentioned that there was a very low fixed bridge and past that the river was shallow.

Blackwater River State Park.

No matter, I really did not want to go to Carrabelle anyway as I would have been tempted to ardea take the outside route back through Apalachicola Bay, around Alligator Point, and into Ochlockonee Bay. It says this is very tricky with many oyster bars and shoals, so after going as far as we could we headed back upriver, got back on the Ochlockonee, and back to the State Park. Since there was still a lot of daylight left we continued down the river to its mouth at Ochlockonee Bay on the Gulf, then turned around and went back to the State Park area and anchored for once. No good overhanging trees here.

The next day we made our way back up to the City Park at Sopchoppy and pulled the boat out. Doug had to start heading north. I wouldn't have minded just dropping him off and heading out again but did not want to overstay our welcome. That is how places get closed off to people. This way the city is likely to remember that we weren't any trouble and let other cruisers use the facilities.

This ended my winter cruise of Florida in *Drifter* but not quite the end of my trip. After Doug left I headed west to check out a few other state parks, including Three Rivers, Falling Waters, and Blackwater River State Park, I never launched *Drifter* again but took hikes and canoeed the Blackwater River. This is a beautiful sand-bottomed river but is too shallow for anything except canoes, kayaks, and people tubing. Since a park concessionaire was renting tubes I concluded there weren't any gators here. I guess they don't like the clear sand bottom.

This park also was not crowded. In the main parking lot there were only six cars and what looked like at least a hundred spaces. Too early for the locals, I guess. I fooled around here until April 1, then started my trip back home. I had decided that April 1 was a good time to clear out because the bugs were starting to come out. And while hurricane season doesn't begin until June, I knew the south has severe spring electrical storms and tornados and I wanted to get north of Tornado Alley before then.

Looking back on the extreme bad weather that came through after I left I decided I had made the right choice. Don't think a small boat is only for overnights or weekends. Living aboard a small boat can be great fun! I had a great time, made more so by the fact that Duluth had a bad winter. An early March storm left 16 feet on the Park Point area. Boy, am I glad I missed that. Now as summer temps have arrived, here I am off further north to explore Voyagers National Park, a roadless water park perfect for *Drifter*.



Along the Ochlockonee River.



This cruise will go in the SWS records as the 2007 Magnum Opus, the 28th such cruise. Although only three members participated (Alice and Harry Mote and Sally Thomson) we all were there in spirit.

The cruise resulted from an email from Sally Thomson to Ken (Murphy, Editor of *Shallow Water Sailor*) in the spring of 2006 suggesting a cruise of the Gloucester/Cape Ann, Massachusetts, area including the marshes of Essex and Ipswich behind Plum Island. Ken forwarded Sally's email to all SWSers with email addresses. With no apparent interest from others, we planned a solo cruise that would include Sally's suggestions as far north as the Merrimack River and possibly as far south as Manchester and Marblehead.

There is much history and much to see in this area and the distances are short as the bird flies, approximately 10nm from the Essex River to the Merrimack, 10nm from Gloucester Harbor to Marblehead, and about 14nm around Cape Ann from Gloucester Harbor to Annisquam depending on how far out you go. So the cruise could be leisurely if the weather cooperated.

Our plan was to go south in the first week as far as Marblehead and cruise the marshes in the second week in the hope that the dreaded greenhead flies would be gone by then. Sally is an experienced sailor and knows the area. She has been on our SWS cruises and was especially generous with her time and knowledge as tour guide on our two scouting trips in the springs of 2006 and 2007.

When we arrived at the Essex Marina Saturday afternoon, July 28, a significant thunderstorm had just gone through which left the area as far south as Manchester with downed trees and power outages and with another storm on its way. Saturday evening we had dinner with Sally, her daughter Cynthia, her husband, and younger granddaughter. Cynthia and her husband had been on at least one of Peter Duff's cruises with us. Reminiscing was fun.

On Sunday, because of the continuing unsettled weather, *Ardea*'s crew decided to visit some of the museums on its list and to car tour the area. First stop was the Essex Shipbuilding Museum across the Essex River from where we would launch. The museum buildings, on the site of the original Story Shipyard, tell a reasonably thorough story of how the great fishing schooners and other fishing boats were built with exhibits on virtually every aspect of construction.

The need for fishing boats for the Gloucester fishing fleet started the Essex ship building industry in about 1668. By about 1849 well over a dozen yards, including the A.D. Story Shipyard, the John F. James & Son Shipyard, and the Burnham yard (which is still in operation) were producing over 50 vessels a year. Essex was considered North America's major builder of fishing schooners and had produced almost 4,000 vessels by the end of the era. It is said that Essex launched "more two-masted vessels than any other town in the world."

Our car tour ended the day at the Ipswich Historical Society and Museum. In conversation with docent Nat Pulsifer we learned that he knew the Duffs and was a friend of Sally Thomson. This led to our being included in dinner plans he and his wife Holly had made with Sally for the next evening at the Pulsifer's. Before dinner Nat gave us a wonderful tour of nearby Appleton Farms, established in 1636, one of the oldest continuously

Ardea's Journal Cape Ann, Massachusetts

By Harry Mote

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*



Ardea, our Edey & Duff Shearwater, drying out in Farm Creek off Essex Bay. "Let's take a walk on the mud flats!"

working farms in America, now preserved by the Trustees of Reservations.

Monday's weather continued unsettled and we continued our land-based sightseeing tour. We went south to see the town of Manchester-by-the-Sea and its harbor which we expected to visit by boat. From there we drove north to Gloucester, explored its waterfront, had lunch at the Gloucester House, and drove around the perimeter of Cape Ann, stopping at some of the towns and harbors we would visit and some we would not, including Rockport and Annisquam.

Tuesday's weather forecast promised a great day. So we launched at about 0900 and Sally joined us at about 0930 for a ride down the scenic Essex River and a sail in Ipswich Bay. Unfortunately the weatherman produced weather too stable for sailing, a cloudless, crystal clear day with no wind but a perfect day for enjoying the beautiful landscapes of Choate Island (Hog Island to locals), the dunes and beach along Crane's Beach on Castle Neck, and Sally's company. We had started motor sailing at idle before lunch time to rouse some breeze to no avail into the afternoon.

After motoring back upriver in the afternoon to let Sally get on with her life, we went back down the Essex near its mouth and anchored for the night just inside Farm Creek. We dried out an hour or two before low tide.

Walking about on the flats we watched a pair of yellowlegs and a small shorebird we couldn't identify pecking in the exposed sandy bottom. We watched soft clams spouting water about a foot in the air and a snowy egret fishing for dinner in the pools left by the tide. This kind of marsh cruising was new to us. The sod bank was four or more feet high and the lush grass much taller than in New Jersey. We were in a New England marsh canyon. The mean tidal rise and fall at Annisquam is 8.7', far greater than the foot to foot-and-a-half we are used to in Barnegat Bay. A lot of water flows in and out of these marshes, producing fast currents. In addition, the most recent charts use North American Datum of 1983 and it seems that much erosion has taken place since then. Some of the blue areas on the charts dry out. All of this makes the area a great gunkholing adventure.

Wednesday morning we were on deck early enough to go out of Farm Creek on the end of the ebb and re-anchor in deeper water so that we'd be free to sail when ready. Sally had suggested that we might want to reverse our plan and explore the marshes behind Plum Island to the Merrimack during our first week since we would have high tide in the middle of the day, greenheads be damned.

This would make navigation and staying off the bottom easier.

So northward we motored in a light northerly, dead on our nose. First stop was Fox Creek, off the Ipswich River, opposite Little Neck. Fox Creek had been the site of the William A. Robinson Shipyard just prior to and during WW II. Robinson had started the yard in the late '30s to build traditional sailing vessel types as yachts. Then came the war and the yard produced mine sweepers, sub chasers, and other wooden vessels for the US war effort.

We anchored at the mouth of Fox Creek, about two hours into the flood, adjacent to two sets of piles, the only remains of the shipyard. Sally had pointed these piles out to us from Little Neck on one of our scouting trips. As the vessels were launched they were brought out of the creek and moored to the piles for finishing. The shipyard received an "E" Award from the federal government for its contribution to the war effort and was known for its high quality work.

The creek had severely shoaled since those days. Although Sally and the Ipswich Historical Society had told me that there was no trace of the shipyard except the piles, I rowed up the creek in the dinghy to explore and, of course, found nothing. But it was fun to be there and to see the place, even 70 years after the fact.

My interest in Robinson began as a teenager with his book, *10,000 Leagues Over the Sea*, about his three-and-a-half-year circumnavigation of the globe, approximately 1928 to 1931, in a 32' Alden-designed ketch called *Svaap*. On his voyage Robinson liked Tahiti so much he stayed six months.

At the end of the war Robinson built a 70' brigantine called *Varua*, designed for him by Starling Burgess with rig designed by L.F. Herreshoff. Robinson sailed *Varua* to Tahiti where he spent the rest of his life running a business and voyaging in the Pacific. *Varua* was recently written about on *WoodenBoat* magazine's "Save a Classic" page in issue #192. I had always liked the man and the way he did things.

The wind continued light and northerly so we motored on, following a meandering channel marked by buoys. We had the flood under us and with more than 8' of tidal rise, we probably didn't need to be concerned about the green areas of the chart but we navigated as though we did.

On past several creeks and the Rowley River. Just before the Parker River the buoys ended. At the Parker we made a 90° turn to starboard toward a sedge and then a 120° turn to port to avoid a green area on the chart. We were now engaged in a kind of chart-in-hand piloting, counting small marsh islands, creeks, and indentations to keep track of our position. It reminded us of places in Georgian Bay where our reckoning was the result of counting rocks, chart in hand. Despite our tidal altitude well into the flood, our rudder found the bottom more than once.

About a mile north of the Parker, the current went slack and then started flowing in from the Merrimack ahead. Sally's suggestion to use this week's midday high tides was a good one. We probably would not have had as easy and enjoyable trip through Plum Island Sound and the Plum Island River, if we had been able to get through at all. Another advantage of going through at high water is that it gave us enough elevation to look out across a beautiful marsh that seemed to go forever in some directions.

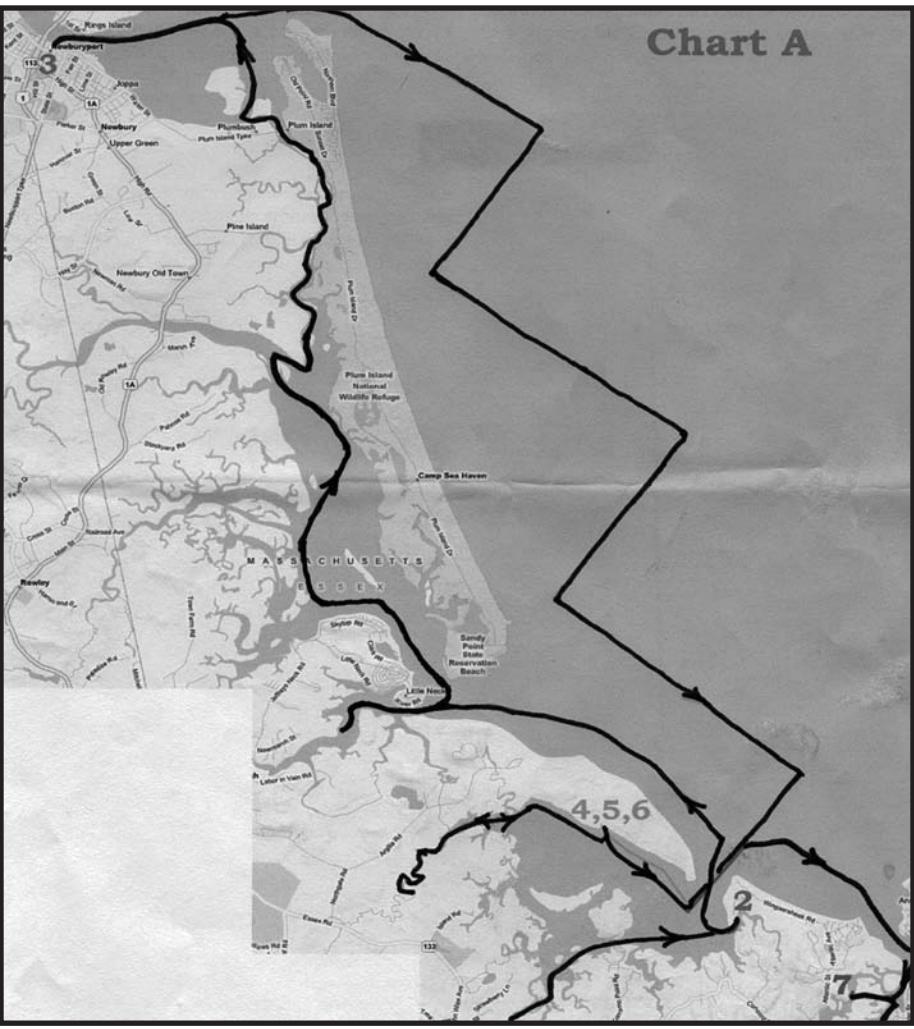


Chart A

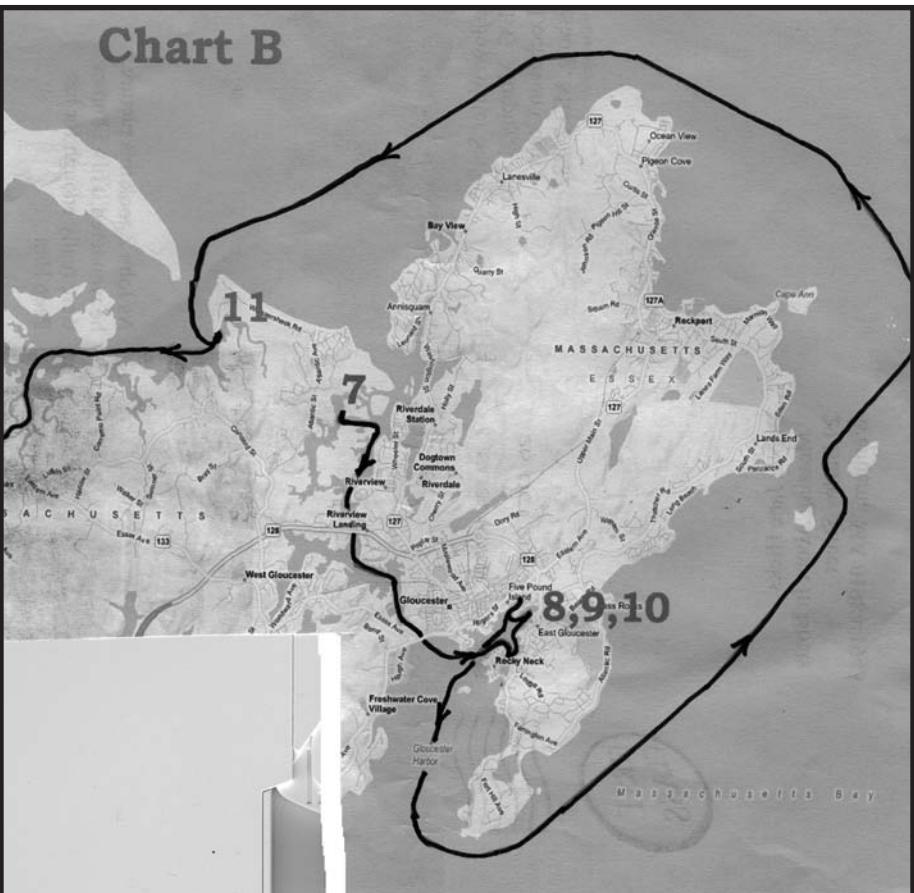


Chart B

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Once in the Merrimack, we headed upstream to Newburyport where we took a town mooring in front of the town's riverfront park. The harbormaster told us that we had picked a good time to visit, this was Yankee Homecoming Week. We walked about this beautiful town near the harbor where vendors were set up and a country western band was setting up under a tent on the waterfront green. We passed up an attractive restaurant on the green and rowed back to the boat.

In 1811, when Newburyport was a thriving trading and shipbuilding town, fire destroyed its waterfront. So the town rebuilt its entire business district in brick to federal standards of architecture and construction. As Boston began to dominate trade later in the century business fell off and buildings were neglected. But 1970s urban renewal programs restored many of the buildings to their original appearance. The town now has a prosperous, mid-19th century look about it, well worth seeing.

We were back on the boat in time to see a jazz quintet set up on shore opposite our mooring. They started playing for us at 1800 as we were having dinner in the cockpit. The town was in a festive mood and we enjoyed being there.

On Thursday morning we went out through Merrimack River Inlet on the end of the ebb. We had decided not to go through the bridge and farther up the Merrimack. We had lost days to weather and wanted to spend the rest of the week exploring the marshes of Essex Bay before going through the Annisquam River to Gloucester.

We started tacking against a light southwesterly with genoa and sunshade set, barely making one-and-a-half to two knots, enjoying a pleasant morning and the beautiful landscape of Plum Island and the hills beyond. We had only 10nm to sail. After lunch at about 0130 we had a small visitor that Alice guessed was a fall warbler which stayed with us for about 35 minutes eating flies and resting. We continued on our inshore tack to get our new friend closer to shore.

By mid-afternoon the wind had come up and we had a great sail to Essex Bay. We sailed northwest up Castle Neck River and anchored along Castle Neck, opposite Long Island. We guessed right about our anchorage, at low tide our skeg brushed across high spots on the sandy bottom as the boat swung to the flood without grounding.

Friday morning produced another spectacular day with a nice southwesterly for sailing. But we were in a beautiful place with sand dunes and a nice beach on one side, the hillside of Choate Island on the other, and Castle Hill in the distance upriver. So we decided to stay put, catch up, and beachcomb.

Castle Neck is a beautiful three-plus-mile barrier beach peninsula of protected open space owned by the Trustees of Reservations. The sand dune area in the center on the south end is fenced off above high water to protect the dunes and nesting piping plovers and least terns. Birds that we humans were allowed to associate with along the beach were a number of ruddy turnstones, a couple of dowitchers, and a few others. We also saw a black-bellied plover, a first for us.

On Saturday, after the flood began, we headed upriver to explore the creeks and marshes between the Castle Neck and Essex rivers. At one point we were "lost." Our GPS told us that we had gone off the chart to the west. We backtracked until we could follow

the small blue channels on the chart to get us back to our favorite anchorage.

Next day we sailed toward Annisquam to stage for our transit of the river and the Blynman Canal on Monday morning. We had a nice sail in Ipswich Bay before entering the river. But it was Sunday, with much traffic and powerboats anchored and rafted from the shore out to the channel opposite Babson Point. We managed to get through the mess and into Lobster Cove and the Market Marina. Our cruising guide had warned us about weekend congestion in this area and did not exaggerate.

We went south in the Annisquam to the Jones River to explore and to find an anchorage. No sooner did we have our anchor down in a cove next to Ram Island when a man who lived on the island came out to ask us if we knew that the entrance to the cove dried out. He had assumed correctly that we would want to transit the Blynman Canal at slack water at low tide the next morning and suggested an empty mooring along the channel in the Jones. The river meanders off the beaten track of the Annisquam into some truly beautiful marshland, a stunning green almost as far as the eye can see. At the top half of the tide there is plenty of water and locals sail and paddle this marshy wonderland.

What a difference a day makes. On Monday morning, when we entered the Annisquam, it was a pleasant and scenic place with virtually no traffic. We had decided to wait out some adverse weather in Gloucester Harbor after we emerged from the Blynman Canal and we toured the harbor on the way in before battening down for the day. We found the pinky schooner *Maine* on her mooring in the anchorage behind Ten Pound Island outside the inner harbor. Smith Cove was cozy but congested. The rest of the inner harbor, though commercial, was far less intimidating and far more interesting than our cruising guide indicated.

We passed the stern of the knockabout schooner *Adventure*, a 121' wooden fishing schooner now undergoing restoration. She is one of the last survivors of her type and a National Historic Landmark. She will serve as a living museum and monument to the fishing industry.

The main anchorage, off the State Fish Pier where we took a town mooring, included more transient pleasure boats than commercial. In 1604 when Samuel de Champlain sailed into Gloucester Harbor he called it "Le Beauport," beautiful harbor. In 1623 a group from the Plymouth colony, looking for good fishing grounds, began a small temporary settlement. As we sat on our mooring it was difficult not to imagine the great fishing schooners in their mid-19th century heyday sailing in and out of the harbor close by where we were moored. It was exciting to be there.

The sky had become increasingly gray as the day progressed. At about 0300 NOAA delivered on its morning forecast of thunderstorms, wind and rain, heavy at times. We had fired up *Ardea's* solid fuel stove and we were warm, dry, and happy in *Ardea's* cozy cabin, sipping tea that the Gertys had given us some time ago.

Tuesday morning's forecast was patchy fog, visibility one to three nautical miles, which was the case in the outer harbor, not too bad. So out we went. A short distance past the breakwater at the outer harbor the fog was dense, couldn't see more than 30 yards, not a good sightseeing day. We turned 180 degrees onto the reciprocal of our course and headed back to our mooring.

After lunch we rowed in to the harbormaster's dinghy float and walked up to the Cape Ann Historical Museum, on our list of places not to be missed with its extensive collection of paintings by native marine artist Fitz Hugh Lane and his protege, Mary Blood Mellen. The paintings of mid-19th century Gloucester made our imaginings of the day before more vivid.

Also on display is the dory that Alfred Johnson rowed across the Atlantic in the centennial year 1876 as well as Howard Blackburn's sloop *Great Republic*. His is a story worth reading.

It was late in the afternoon when we left the museum so we walked around the town and had dinner at the Gloucester House. On our way back to our ship we walked past Fitz Hugh Lane's stone house which overlooks Gloucester Harbor. There's a bronze sculpture of him sitting on the grass in front of his house sketching a harbor scene. As we rowed back to the boat fog was closing in.

Wednesday: More weather, rain through noon, then wind. Decided to take another lay-day, just veg and read.

Thursday morning: The weather had settled down to produce a fabulous sightseeing day with great clarity and lighting and good sailing breezes. We had rethought our itinerary for the second week. We had lost several sailing days to weather and the long-term forecast did not look favorable for coming back should we head south to Manchester and Marblehead. So we decided to go around Cape Ann and then back to Essex Bay.

When we reached the outer harbor breakwater we could see Boston to the southwest clear as a bell. But we turned to port planning a long tack to clear the outboard side of Thacher Island with its two lighthouses. As we approached Thacher we decided to tack inshore between Thacher and Milk Island and then inshore of Thacher to find less adverse current. We were now on a course to approach rocks called Dry Salvages and Little Salvages.

L.F. Herreshoff, in his *Compleat Cruiser*, has his characters, who are on a cruise around Cape Ann, talking about what a dangerous place the northeast side of Cape Ann can be in a gale and how, in Colonial times a ship carrying immigrants was wrecked on Dry Salvages, the outermost rocks. Although all hands managed to land on the rocks, it was cold weather and they all would have died had not someone on shore seen them and brought them ashore. Also, the third of T.S. Elliot's Four Quartets is called The Dry Salvages. We just wanted to see them.

On the day of our visit the sea was behaving itself. And we produced no awe-inspiring photographs of the rocks. But it was easy to imagine their potential in bad weather. We sailed to clear Halibut Point and then to Essex Bay for the night.

On Friday morning we motored up the Essex River in light rain and hauled out at about 1000. It was too wet to prepare for the road so we went to the Ipswich Library, also on our itinerary, and spent most of the afternoon in its reference section reading about W.A. Robinson in old newspapers and a short biography that had been published privately.

On Saturday morning we got the boat ready for the road and then took a tour of the Crane Estate on Castle Neck. We had dinner with Sally and her oldest granddaughter to show photos, tell about the cruise, and to say one last thanks and goodbye for awhile before heading home on Sunday morning.

Bill Fite, Dale Niemann, and I all launched a day early so we'd have time to explore the area around Checkpoint 1 for the Everglades Challenge coming up in March. We launched at Eldred's Marina near Placida on Thursday. The day was unusually hot with the high about 90 degrees. We motored over to Grande Tours kayak shop, the location of Checkpoint 1. Dale and I anchored our boats in the shallows near the second bridge and climbed into Bill's SeaPearl 21, *MoonShadow*. The tide was going out and we got a good look at how tough it might be to get through the bridges in the shallow waters to reach Grande Tours in the middle of the night when most people reach the first checkpoint.

Leaving Grande Tours we thought we'd set sail for Pelican Bay where the fleet would rendezvous the following day. Unfortunately the wind turned out to be a southwesterly, right on the nose. We also had an incoming tide. The combination made making headway toward Pelican Bay pretty tough going. Dale's Core Sound out pointed both SeaPearls and he passed me after a mile or so. I finally realized that I wasn't going to make it before dark if I didn't start the Honda so I fired her up. Dale and Bill toughed it out for another hour or so, the tide carrying them further and further east until I lost sight of them!

The entrance to the little sandbar cove at the north end of Pelican Bay had changed

Scenes from Cayo Costa, October 2007.

Cayo Costa Cruise in October

By Ron Hoddinott

since last spring. But even with an outgoing tide it was plenty deep enough to walk *Whisper* into the quiet cove and put out bow and stern anchors. It wasn't too long before Dale and Bill arrived and I helped them line up the entrance to the cove. Richard Anderson in *SeaNile*, a SeaPearl 21, also arrived and got settled in the cove. Although it was a hot night with little wind, I did manage to sleep below decks with a fan blowing over me.

Friday was the day that everyone was supposed to arrive, and arrive they did! Ed and Becky Combs in *Minnow*, Billy and Joyce VanDeusen in *JoySea*, Ted Jean in his new Sunbird 16, John Johns in his Hobie Adventure Island, Dave Barnicoat in *Red Tag*, his Potter 19, Terry Poling and son in *Breakin' Wind*, his Telstar 28, Roger and Kay in their powerboat, Terry and Ruth Nagel in *Whisper*, their Siren 17, Paul Myers in his SeaPearl 21, *Brogan*, Bill Dolan in his Marshall 18, Rich Janelle in his Compact 16, Michael Smith in his Hunter 26, Ross Erickson and family in their O'Day 25, Art and Brenda in Brenda's SeaPearl 21 tri, *Rosie Pearl*, Paul

and Dodie Waggoner in *Wing-It*, his SeaPearl 21 tri, and Walter and Pat Hickson with their Marshall 18 catboat.

Twenty boats in all gathered on Friday afternoon and evening and a few more would have made it but didn't quite. One participant forgot his rudder and didn't realize it until he was at the ramp. Another made it on Saturday about the time most of us had given up and were headed home.

Another hot night in the cabins, punctuated by thunder and rain during the nighttime, left some of us wondering what we should do on Saturday morning. The forecast wasn't the best with a front coming through from the northwest bringing rain and thunderstorms with frequent lightning. Some folks packed it in and headed for sheltered waters or home. Several motored over to the Cayo Costa docks and got slips for the night. Bill and Dale, and Richard and I went sailing in Pelican Bay and then about the same time got the idea that a break in the rain made for a good chance to get across Charlotte Harbor to our take-out point.

Even though it was somewhat abbreviated, it was great to see so many members in one place again. We had a fine party on Friday afternoon and got a chance to meet some friends.



My father and Mr Jones were business associates who shared a love of boating. Unlike my shore-bound father, Mr Jones had a beautiful 32' wooden fishing boat. He took my dad out fishing several times on Vineyard Sound off the south shore of Cape Cod. Often my father returned not only with stories of his adventures but also with big fish he had caught for the family table.

One day when I was 10 years old, Mr Jones invited Dad to bring all of us. His wife and two children would join us, too. My mother decided to stay home with my brother Matt, then a toddler, but my sister Jill, brother Mitch, and grandfather joined my father in accepting the Jones's offer. At that point my grandfather didn't have a boat either. Mr Jones had taken his boat to Falmouth Inner Harbor and we boarded there, where my mother dropped us all off.

On the way out of the harbor, Dad joined Mr Jones up on the flying bridge. Dad had taken to wearing a waterproof plastic fluorescent orange hat to protect his head from the sun when out on the water. I think its original cut was intended to resemble a narrow-brimmed fedora made stylish by Perry Como and Frank Sinatra in those years. But the thick plastic material rounded everything so that it looked like a kindergartner's rain hat. I was embarrassed to have my father wear such unfashionable clothes. But Mr Jones didn't seem to mind Dad's headwear. He laughed gustily at Dad's jokes, despite the goofy hat.

Mrs Jones, young Wendy, and Sam gave the rest of us a tour of the boat which included a galley, berths for four, and a flushing head. My brother Mitch called Wendy "Blowey," thinking her name was "Windy" and getting the sense if not the sound of her name right. She didn't catch it though. Once out into Vineyard Sound we headed for Menemsha Bight, which Mr Jones said was a good fishing spot. Pretty soon Mr Jones slowed the engine to trolling speed, lowered the outriggers on each side, and climbed down to join us on deck. My father got to be the captain now, staying up on the bridge to steer.

Mr Jones then became our fishing teacher, outfitting my grandfather, sister, and me with rods and lines. He rigged each line with a lead-headed lure with colorful feather "fins" and a juicy pork rind "tail" on a big hook. The rinds went on last, plucked from a little glass jar full of pickling fluid. Once he had each of us set up he threw a couple of scoops of juicy fish entrails from a chum bucket overboard to draw hungry fish. We all let our lines out to the extent that he suggested. Then Mr Jones attached my sister's and my lines onto separate outrigger clips and let my grandfather's line troll directly behind the boat. Mr Jones told us to watch and listen for the outrigger clips letting the line go. That meant the lure had hooked a fish. If anyone else got a strike, the others were to reel in quickly so as not to tangle the lines.

My sister got bored pretty soon and went to play with Mitch and the Jones kids below decks where Mrs Jones was making sandwiches for lunch. But to me, fishing on the open ocean was high adventure to be savored on deck. This was my first experience fishing for bluefish and every aspect was thrilling. I imagined fish of outrageous size and spirit looming just deeper than my eyes could make out. My grandfather, looking astern, pulled his rod straight up and behind his head periodically. He explained that he was trying to make his lure zoom forward in hopes of drawing the attention of a hungry bluefish.

Cape Cod Harbors

Fishing with Mr. Jones

By Rob Gogan

Soon there was a "snap" as the outrigger clip on my sister's unattended rod let go. Since Jill was below decks, my grandfather grabbed her rod and began reeling it in. The fish jumped out of the water a few times and I was impressed with its size. Weirdly the line remained submerged when the fish jumped even though my grandfather had it wound in tight. Jill and the rest of the kids were up on deck by then to investigate the excitement. Though my grandfather had offered Jill the rod to pull the fish in the rest of the way, she refused. I think she was afraid that she might lose the fish and risk the men's annoyance. After a few minutes the fish was flashing white and big at the side of the boat and Mr Jones hooked it with the gaff to pull it up inside. Mr Jones then noticed that the fish had the lure hooks in its tail instead of its mouth.

"Just goes to show you how backwards some people are," Mr Jones joked. My grandfather grinned but his satisfaction at landing the fish outweighed any annoyance.

Now that I knew for sure there were such worthwhile specimens down there, I grasped my rod with even more determination to hook a trophy. I pulled in my line to make sure my lure wasn't fouled with seaweed. My father had already taught me that seaweed on a hook was a give-away to the fish that a lure was an imposter and not a tasty baitfish. Then with Grandie's help I reset the outrigger and got fishing in earnest.

It wasn't long before I had my wish and my rod quivered with the muscular desperation of a hooked bluefish on the line. I pulled the rod up slowly, then spun the reel crank as fast as I could to take up the slack as I tipped the rod back down towards the fish, then pulling up to take in another reel as Grandie had done. Gradually I made progress, the wet fishing line dripping from the reel as the tension caused by the fish's fight squeezed it dry. I will never forget the beauty of the bluefish's long light torso flashing up from the depths miraculously as it came alongside the boat where Mr Jones waited with the gaff.

Once the fish was on the boat Mr Jones warned us to stay away from the mouth and its sharp teeth. It was small for a bluefish, maybe a 4lb "schoolie," it was about the same size as the fish my grandfather had pulled in. Mr Jones told us that all the fish in a school of blues were the same age and that they grow up together. Any smaller, younger bluefish that happened to join the school would quickly be cannibalized by the others. All the blues would keep away from any larger fish for fear of being eaten. Thus the school maintained a common size for all.

In my eyes, the fish I had reeled in was huge. I had never caught anything bigger than a pumpkinseed sunfish from our local pond. Mr Jones told us that the fish I had just caught was on the menus of many local restaurants and that bluefish were prized not only for their fighting vigor but for their delicious flesh as well. I resolved to take my fish home and dine on it. Mr Jones put it into one of the two holding tanks by the transom.

When we were done fishing, Mr Jones ran us down Buzzards Bay to the Pocasset River Town Landing. He asked me if the water next to the dock were over my head. He was concerned about grounding the boat because the tide was quite low. I had swum off the dock in all tides and I knew that it was over my head. I was the only one in the boat that had this knowledge of the local waters. I was proud that Mr Jones trusted my word on which the safety of his boat and passengers depended.

We unloaded without incident and the Joneses headed off to their home port of Quissett, five harbors south. After showing off our bluefish to my mother and grandmother, Dad and I cleaned them in the kitchen of the house my grandparents rented that summer. I will never forget the clean vigorous scent of the ocean as we filleted the fish. When we ate them I thought with pride and wonder that the same fish I had caught was being served in restaurants. Thanks to Mr Jones and his boat I had been able to harvest a wild animal to provide nourishing food for my family's table.

Dad and I went out on Mr Jones's boat several more times and usually came home with a bluefish dinner. Soon Mr Jones traded up to a larger Maine-built fishing boat. Once, when I was 13 or so, I went out on the new boat with a dozen of my father's and Mr Jones's co-workers. I remember Dad warning me that I'd hear some salty language, a prospect I found thrilling. Even more exciting, I was the first to hook one. I had upstaged the whole boatful of grown men! I reeled what felt like a big fish to the side of the boat. But one of the men had come to drink and not to fish. He didn't realize that he needed to move away from the landing side so that Mr Jones could get the gaff hook into the fish and lift it over the gunwales.

In the man's drunken oafishness he staggered backwards to get out of the way and got himself tangled up in my fishing line. Suddenly my line went slack. The gaff hook came up empty. The fish got away. I have ever since felt a singular disgust for those who get inebriated on the water and become incapable of doing what must be done with speed and precision. My only comfort was that mine ended up being the only strike that day. My father consoled me later in private, agreeing with my assessment that the man who prevented my landing the fish was a drunken idiot. It was deeply gratifying to me that Dad shared my perception of the man's behavior.

We spent the night in Vineyard Haven in a dockside slip. Mr Jones had a pennant of a skunk he hung on the little mast atop the flying bridge. My father explained that the flag meant we hadn't caught any fish, we were "skunked." We asked the other fishermen up and down the dock if they had caught anything and they all said no. Just before we all went out for dinner a charter fishing boat came in for the night. As they were gassing up, one of the crew showed us three nice bluefish they had caught way out in Nantucket Sound.

Suddenly, an idea seized Jimmy, who worked for Dad. "Let me borrow one of those fish for a while," he said. They gave him the biggest of the three fish and headed out to their mooring. Jimmy went back to the boat for a fishing rod. "Get me a fish and chips take-out order," he said to Dad. Then he walked out to the end of the dock, sat down, placed the whopping bluefish beside him, and cast his line into the water. His plan was to claim to

any passers-by that he'd caught it right there off the dock. The rest of us went out to dinner. By the time we got back there were two or three boys casting lures off the dock and a couple more admiring "Jimmy's fish." As Jimmy recounted the story of his successful ruse to us later on the boat we laughed uproariously, none of us harder than Jimmy.

We slept in berths on Mr Jones' boat. There were seven or eight of us sleeping on board. The next morning when we left there were a couple of boys fishing off the dock. Maybe they would have been there anyway but I prefer to think of them as credulous victims of Jimmy's prank. We fished a little on our way back the next morning but without success.

I don't remember if it was on this trip or a subsequent luckless one that Mr Jones spliced onto my reel a heavy line with a lead core that would take the lure much deeper while trolling. Soon after taking this line I got a powerful strike, then the line went limp. The line came up devoid of hook, lure, and leader. The hook had most likely snagged a rock or other obstruction on the bottom but I preferred to think that my line had been shorn by a gigantic fish such as a 500lb tuna or swordfish that could have fed the family for months. I wondered if I might have held onto it if I'd loosened the star-shaped drag tension adjustment nut on the reel.

The wonderful thing about fishing is that there is always the possibility of catching a thrilling fish of enormous size. Since you cannot see what is happening underwater, your imagination has free reign to roam. But until you actually hook a fish, you don't have to do anything. It is among the most restful avocations I know of.

My dad and Mr Jones spent a lot of time talking on that flying bridge. They were hoping to start an enterprise selling boats of which our current ride was the prototype. They had brought it from Jonesport, Maine, a few weeks previously. It was designed to provide uncompromising comfort and safety to the sport fisherman. A few of the features I remember include its clean Downeast lines, double flying bridges, a swiveling fighting chair, a depth sounder that could "read" schools of fish, commodious tanks to hold the catch and bathe it in fresh seawater to keep it alive, a 10' bowsprit platform for harpooning swordfish, and a "tilt meter" for measuring yaw. The whole thing was Maine-built of solid wood whose vigor we tested once when we ran aground on Tuckernuck Shoal off Nantucket. Somehow the JoneSport Fisherman business never got going but Mr Jones got a great boat out of it. Later on Dad's and Mr Jones's business interests drifted apart and they stopped going out fishing together.

The memories of those halcyon days came flooding back when, at my father's funeral a few years later, Mr and Mrs Jones came in to pay their respects. I nodded to Mr Jones and he nodded back but he had his somber funeral face on. It was good to be reminded for a moment of the glorious fun Dad and I had going out for blues off the Vineyard in a Maine-built boat with Mr Jones.

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Canoeing For Old Geezers

By Laurence Seeger

There's nothing like canoeing on the water. I learned to paddle a canoe at Boy Scout Camp in the 1930s. We used Old Town wood canvas canoes. I am quite sure that they were the 16' Octa models with 34" beam and a 12" depth and spruce gunwales and deck.

It was easy for a healthy young man or two to carry or portage those beautifully designed 76lb canoes. Paddling those canoes on Michigan's Big Blue Lake and the White River was a wonderful experience. One could easily imagine that they were a Native American or a Voyageur.

After World War II the Grumman aluminum canoes became very popular. Made of aircraft aluminum, they were practically indestructible. They seemed to last forever and required no maintenance. However, they lacked the romantic feeling of the traditional wood canvas canoes.

When I visited the Chicagoland Canoe Base I met canoe expert Ralph Frese. I asked him if there were any new ABS Royalex or fiberglass canoes that would paddle like the ones I had used at Scout Camp. He recommended an Old Town 16' "Camper" canoe made of Oltanor/Royalex material. It tracked well and had plenty of room. A general all-purpose canoe, it is equally at home on lakes or rivers. It weighs 59lbs, which is light for a traditionally-designed 16' two to three person canoe.

As I grew older the 59lbs seemed heavier and heavier. I could no longer load the canoe onto the car myself. My good friend and fellow paddler, Bob, taught me never to refuse assistance when loading the canoe. I soon learned that this was good advice. However, weight is weight and I started looking for a lighter canoe.

The Chicagoland Canoe Base had a 15' Nova Craft called "Bob's Special." It is made in Canada of new lightweight Kevlar Spectra with ash gunwales and a cherry deck. The canoe has a 35" beam and a mid-ship depth of 13" with a traditional classic design and it weighs 43lbs. It is a perfect canoe for the Skolde Lagoons or the Des Plaines River of Illinois. An "old geezer" can paddle it solo or "two old geezers" can paddle it tandem. The canoe has a shallow arch bottom, tumblehome, and a slight rocker. It is faster than most 15' canoes and glides easily.

Eventually 43lbs pounds now seemed heavy and I started thinking "lighter" again. There are lighter materials continually coming to market, such as carbon, but at my age I am not about to invest in another expensive canoe.

My "old geezer buddy," Bob, and I discovered and purchased a used Old Town "Pack" canoe, 12', 33lbs, a solo canoe made of lightweight Oltanor/Royalex material. What a difference 10lbs and 3' in length can make when loading or unloading! We sometimes use an extension bar or roller bar to relieve one half of the weight. We take turns using the "Pack" canoe. It is best suited for use with a double blade paddle. We really enjoy getting on the water.

Keep paddling as long as you can!

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The International Scene

Does oil at \$100 a barrel worry you? Quartermaster's oil minister described \$100 oil as "a real and fair price." OK, but at a company law seminar in the Middle East a sheik stated it costs 20 cents to get a barrel out of the ground and onto a tanker in the Gulf region at a budgeted sale price of \$20 a barrel. "When the oil price is at \$40, then we have \$20 more than we know what to do with." A *Wall Street Journal* article gave ten solid reasons why \$100 oil won't last.

Port congestion is now global, especially in China, which is having problems handling its entrepreneurial successes. Too many containers, not enough planning ahead about ports.

Like arithmetic? Try multiplying 1.1 gallons per each horsepower used. That will give a vessel's approximate fuel consumption in gallons per 24 hours. Multiply the answer by \$500 per ton for bunker fuel to get an approximate cost for a day's run. A medium-size container ship might use 75,000hp. If I Googled correctly, 42 US gallons = 1 barrel while 6.6-7.7 barrels (depending on density of the fuel) = 1 metric ton.

The Philippines is running out of skilled people such as mariners, engineers, and technical personnel to work both abroad and locally. Although about 20% of the world's mariners are Filipino, Filipino women are underutilized, only 225 females out of 230,000 seafarers in the 1983-1990 period, so making greater use of women is being considered.

It took four months, great judgment, and much good luck to remove 2,318 actual containers from the deliberately grounded *MSC Napoli*, a 4,420-teu container ship, so what will happen when one of the mega-containerships of over 10,000teu gets wrecked? The problem lies in the lack of availability of port facilities that can handle and store a sudden influx of damaged containers so their contents can be inventoried for insurance purposes and then properly disposed of. And plans are afoot for 16,000teu ships!

The Panama Canal Authority said it is making bigger locks but will not alter lock designs to handle ultra-large container ships. The revamped locks will handle ships of 55m (about 180') beam but already there are a few box ships that are wider than that. The PCA believes such big ships will form a minority that can be ignored because they will operate Asia-Europe and will not transit the Canal.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Collisions (between ships) and allisons (between a ship and something else):

The container ship *Cosco Busan*, under control of a pilot but in thick fog, sideswiped the protective fendering around a tower supporting the San Francisco Bay Bridge. Bridge OK, ship leaking about 58,000 gallons of bunkers that soon befouled San Francisco Bay. The veteran pilot has a somewhat chequered record as a pilot.

On the opposite coast the tanker *Axel Spirit* banged into the 76' high Ambrose Light and left it damaged and its light inoperative. High winds and heavy seas from Tropical Storm Noel may have played a part although the light is more than six miles from the main shipping channel.

The reefer *Crown Opal* was smacked by the bulker *Nena M.* while loading bananas at Guayquil, Ecuador. The wharf took the brunt, losing two vehicles when the jetty collapsed into the river.

In Singapore, the berthed tanker *China Sea* was hit by the tanker *SS Prosperity* try-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

ing to dock at the next terminal berth. Some oil was spilled.

In the southern Gulf of Mexico in winds up to 130kmh the light-production rig *Kalb 101* and the *Usumacinta* drilling platform collided (or allied?) and at least 10 died.

In Greece the outbound container ship *MSC Elena* collided with the containership *Geo Milev* near Thessaloniki. Off the same port the bulker *Diamond I* sank after colliding with the *Dubai Guardian*. The master went down with his ship. Also in Greece the passenger ship *Samothraki* with 143 passengers collided with the fishing vessel *Chrisoula*. No startling news resulted.

Sinkings and near-sinkings:

In the Bohai gulf the cargo ship *Shenhai 1* sank and all 16 crewmembers died.

In the Yellow Sea, the North Korean ship *Jinshan* capsized and only 3 of 23 on board were saved.

In the Pacific off Mexico the cargo ship *El Mexicano* started taking on water and the cruise ship *Norwegian Star* stood by as the ship headed for refuge from the winds of tropical storm Kilo at the Isla Maria Madre.

Off the southern coast of Denmark the Slovakian freighter *Omer N* capsized and it was believed that seven crewmembers were caught inside. Divers found no bodies but three others were saved.

In the Nigerian port of Apapa the *MT Efunya* sank at its berth, the victim of prolonged neglect.

Groundings:

Tropical Storm Noel forced the LPG tanker *SCF Tomsk* aground east of Santo Domingo in the Dominican Republic.

In Mozambique the fertilizer-laden bulker *Kuiseb* dragged its anchor and went aground.

In the Firth of Clyde, the bulker *Ocean Light* ran aground but was refloated the next day.

The chemical tanker *Bow Star* ran aground shortly after leaving the Indonesian port of Batam.

Miscellaneous:

In the Gulf of Mexico an engine room fire on the multi-hull *Seba'am* forced 168 oilfield passengers to evacuate. Two may be missing.

In Indonesia a patrol boat exploded at sea and four policemen were injured.

In Korea the boom of a gantry crane suddenly fell on the just-loaded container ship *Maersk Mytilini* and then more of the crane fell. No injuries, some ship damage, another crane needed. The defective one was installed in May of this year.

During an exercise near Bremerhaven on the cargo/container ship *MSC Grace* a rescue boat broke free and crashed on the main deck and then into the sea injuring the exercise-supervising first mate.

The cargo ship *Reef Azania* is now considered as missing. It left Dubai for the Comoros Islands in June and has not been heard from after six days into that voyage.

Off the west coast of France the fishing vessel *Ar Raok* tried to drag its trawl around the stern of the tanker *Deep Blue* and the net became entangled in that vessel's propeller or rudder.

About 150 miles off the coast on India that nation's coastguard found nine Filipino sailors whose tug *Glenn Freedom* had broken down. They had been without food or liquids for several days.

Gray Fleets

Did or did not some senior petty officers decide to retire when the decision was made in 2000 to allow gays, lesbians, and bisexuals in the Royal Navy? Did they suggest that there should be three types of sanitary spaces (male, female, and gay) on Royal Navy ships? Such titillating questions filled British papers for a few days.

The US Navy canceled another of four planned Littoral Combat Ships when General Dynamics couldn't keep costs of its second vessel within bounds. Previously the second of two being built by Lockheed Martin was scrubbed.

Required radiological tests on the fast attack submarine *USS Hampton* (SSN 767) were skipped and log entries subsequently faked so the sub's CO was relieved of his command.

The US Navy wants to reduce crews of its big aircraft carriers from more than 5,000 to less than 1,000. That includes fliers and their support crews. For the *Gerald R. Ford* class carriers, the initial goal was a 1,500-man reduction. Other goals are 75 people manning a Littoral Combat Ship and fewer than 150 on the planned DDG 1000 destroyer.

The Navy's only destroyer class, the *Arleigh Burkes*, are suffering "significant" bow buckling from slamming into seas at speed and more than a dozen will need stiffening.

In Australia crews complained that the new *Armidale* class patrol boats have toilets that don't work, lighting is inadequate, anchors bounce around, the shore establishments are overcrowded, and (perhaps worse of all) American-style power outlets require adaptors to fit Australian equipment!

Since the US Navy has "thousands" of obsolete US Navy Terrier missiles Canada, and maybe Australia and the Netherlands, and eventually even the Americans may use them as supersonic training targets.

NATO offered to help Kazakhstan build a Caspian navy. That nation plans to buy warships up to 1,000 tons.

A French shipyard completed the first of two submarines for Malaysia. The *KD Tunku Abdul Rahman* was suitably christened (if that's what one does for Muslim ships).

India may have been given the hull of the aircraft carrier *Admiral Gorshkov* for free provided conversion work was done in a Russian yard but Russia is now trying to free up enough money to complete the upgrade in time for a (delayed) service date of 2012. Conversion costs are now three times the original figure and the deal threatens sales of other Russian arms.

White Fleets

No good news this month.

Cuba complained that ever since Royal Caribbean purchased Spanish cruise line Costa, whose cruise ships had stopped at Cuba, and other lines cancelled catering contracts, income from cruisers was way down. Two years ago Castro complained that cruise lines were "ruining the economies of Caribbean countries" because passengers "leave their rubbish behind and spend a few dollars buying souvenirs."

In Hawaii passengers on the *Radiance of the Seas* had to wait four hours and cancel tours while the Coast Guard trained newly hired security personnel at Lahaina. And at Honolulu the *Summit* unloaded the bodies of two passengers who died while en route from San Diego (a man had a fatal heart attack and a woman died of cancer).

Near Virginia Beach the small coastal cruise ship *Spirit of Nantucket* hit something in the Intracoastal Waterway and the master wisely ran the leaking ship aground so 66 passengers could get off. The wooden object was found to be ancient, very large, and very heavy.

The owners of the cruise ship *Sea Diamond*, which recently ran onto rocks near the Greek island of Santorini and sank, killing two, had a hydrographic survey done of the seabed and claimed that the results showed the reef larger and farther from shore (131m vs 57m) and the water shallower (5m vs 22m) than on the official Hellenic Navy charts used on the doomed ship.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Malaysia the rickety old *Seagull Express* burst into flames and about 100 passengers had to jump. Fourteen died including three trapped below.

In Egypt passengers on a ferry were dumped into the Nile when a ramp collapsed. At least 13 died.

At Vanuatu, three died when five passengers fell off the *Southern Star*.

On the Yangtze a steamboat with 153 passengers collided with a barge. An old lady died and the barge "fled under cover of darkness."

A "long boat" ferry sank in the Gulf of Thailand and three died. The 37 passengers were graduate students and teachers from Chulalongkorn University.

A crowded ferry capsized in southern Bangladesh and at least 100 died. Many were holiday-makers.

In Indonesia a ferry carrying 151 people sank and at least 29 died.

In Thailand the car ferry *Jem Jem* carrying construction materials capsized and sank, taking with it a woman and her granddaughter.

In Indonesia the ferry *Acita III* with over 150 people capsized and sank when passengers rushed to one side to get good cell phone connectivity. At least 15 died.

After reports came out that some of the crew of the sunken British Columbia ferry *Queen of the North* regularly smoked cannabis on and off duty, BC Ferries announced it had pleaded with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to make drug tests but the RCMP had said no, stating that there were no signs of intoxication or impairment of the bridge crew.

One ferry in the US is still operated by manpower. Six men pull on a rope to propel the Los Ebanos International Ferry on a five-minute trip across the Rio Grande. The 44' ferry can take three vehicles and might make 40 trips a day in busy times.

Operations of the fast Hawaiian super ferries were on, off, and are on again in spite of environmentalists worried about whales and islanders trying to keep their island to themselves.

Legal Matters

Rowan Companies was criminally fined \$7 million plus two \$1 million community-service commitments after pleading guilty to three charges of dumping pollutants and garbage from its oil rigs into the Gulf of Mexico.

TransPacific Container Terminal in Los Angeles and two of its executives were fined \$20,000 for money laundering funds into election campaigns for city officials. The US government lost another when a judge ruled a case hadn't been made. The previous loss was in 2005 even though one ILA officer had pleaded guilty and another defendant was found dead in the trunk of his car.

A Polish skipper who crashed his ship into a North Sea oil platform while drunk and caused £10 million of damage will pay with a year in jail.

Illegal Imports

The worldwide problem of illegal immigrants continued.

Mexican authorities recovered 15 bodies of Central Americans whose boat had capsized. Two survived. Others apparently made it. Then to 15 abandoned small boats have been found on San Diego County beaches.

At least 14 died off southern Italy.

Another 47 died off West Africa and 96 survivors will be returned to Senegal, Mali, Gambia, and Guinea-Bissau.

Another 56 Africans died when their boat ran out of fuel, it had been supplied in four cans but three contained water and the sole survivor said others starved to death, were rolled off the boat while asleep, or committed suicide.

If detected while approaching the Greek coast, the skipper of a fast (70kts) smuggling vessel may tell his passengers to abandon ship saying, "The Greeks will not let you drown." Or the crew simply throws migrants overboard. The same dastardly technique was used off Yemen at least once, 66 died.

The Royal Malaysian Navy intercepted a boat carrying 26 Filipinos.

A Spanish fishing boat saved 50 sub-Saharan migrants off Libya.

Spain was responsible for rescuing more than 30,000 immigrants in the Mediterranean during 2006 and wants stronger IMO actions to solve the problem.

Drugs were another problem:

HMS *Portland* seized two tons of cocaine worth £80 million on a Venezuelan fishing boat in the Atlantic and Mexican authorities found 26 tonnes of cocaine on the container ship *Esmeralda* after it arrived from Columbia.

Use of drug-carrying "submarines," small boats that operate with most of the vessel underwater, is relatively common. Nine have been captured in Columbia in the last two years and another 12 have been encountered elsewhere. Apparently most of the "subs" manage to deliver their cargoes.

Fish, too:

The UK backed a European Union move to stamp out global trading in illegally caught fish by tracking fish from when they are caught until they are served.

Even cigarettes:

Australian customs seize 4,400,000 cigarettes smuggled from the Philippines in a container. The evaded duty would have been more than \$1 million.

Nature

The Columbian port of Buenaventura became effectively inoperative when torrential rains caused a landslide that blocked the only highway to the port.

Greenpeace activists delayed unloading the *Finwood* at Terneuzen in Holland, protesting that its cargo of wood pulp came from old established forests.

The Spanish port of Valencia refused entry (for the third time) to Greenpeace's *Arctic Surprise* saying there was no free space at the docks. Greenpeace, which wanted to promote a campaign on climate change, said there was room for at least 10 ships to dock.

Global warming, anyone?

About one million square kilometers of Arctic ice have melted, down from four million square kilometers in 2005 and 2006 and the Northwest Passage became fully open. But in the Antarctic winter sea ice set a record for maximum (!) coverage since aerial measurements started.

The tanker *Tigani* somehow dumped about 5,000 gallons of bunker fuel from a scupper pipe into the Delaware River with remarkably little affect on the environment.

In the Philippines a barge loaded with 9,000 tons of coal sank and locals moaned that the coal's fuel and grease content would contaminate the water and affect the local fishing.

Russia's Putin wants to dig a canal between the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea. Environmentalists noted such a canal would create significant bio-diversity risk.

Cook Islanders complained when the *Miss Mataroa*, an old inter-island vessel whose welded-tight holds held 500 tonnes of plastic wrapped asbestos, was sunk in 3,500' of water off Rarotonga in a whale sanctuary without consultation with the locals.

A study reported that air pollution from ships probably caused 60,000 deaths from heart and lung disease in 2002, mostly in the Far East.

A tanker trade group claimed that one litre of fuel used by a VLCC now moves one tonne of cargo more than 2,800km and the carbon footprint (in CO₂ per tonne-kilometre) is less than $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a heavy truck and less than $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an aircraft. Circa 1910, it was claimed that steam-engine efficiency had improved to the point where burning one sheet of Victorian writing paper could generate enough steam to move one ton of cargo one nautical mile.

Metal-Bashing

Sir Walter Scott, the grand old lady of Loch Katrine, is being converted from steam to bio-diesel. The ship, beloved by tourists in Scotland, has been in service since 1899.

But another ship built in 1925 at the same Scottish shipyard is going out of service. The river steamboat *Delta Queen* has wooden interiors but has been allowed to operate on the US inland rivers for 40-odd years by special acts of Congress. This year Congress refused to act.

Odd Bits

More than 370 luxury yachts of 120' or longer are under contract or being built.

For just one US Navy device, the following contract types were issued: cost-plus-award-fee, fixed-price-incentive firm-fixed-price hybrid, and indefinite-delivery/indefinite-quantity.

Head-Shakers

The location is the Australian coal port of Newcastle, NSW, and a vicious storm is approaching. Port authorities requested all 56 ships in port to go out to sea but 10 decided to stay. However, most headed for the open sea when winds reach 100kmh. Among them was the bulker *Pasha Bulker* but its master strangely invited the chief engineer to join him at breakfast while the anchor chain was slowly windlassed in without assistance from the ship's engine. Breakfast over, the master went to the bridge to take over command from junior officers. The ship was then in irretrievably dire straits and it soon went aground on Nobbys Beach and broke its back on Big Ben Reef. He then ordered the crew to abandon ship although it was not in danger of sinking.

The lovely and talented Naomi and I took a little side trip from the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival and traveled south to Cambridge, Maryland, for a little exploration. Last year we visited the Richardson Museum in downtown Cambridge but the Ruark Boatworks on the waterfront was closed that day. The Boatworks is where the restoration takes place and the Richardson Museum has the models, photos, documents, artifacts, etc. They are one and the same overall museum that will one day be combined at the waterfront location.

This year they were open and we stopped in to see what was going on. We were given a tour of the shop and a newly donated boat that they were just beginning to examine to see how extensive the upcoming restoration would be. We got to talking about the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival and *Messing About in Boats* magazine.

That changed the subject to *Hilda*, a round sterned workboat that had recently

The Ruark Boatworks

By Greg Grundtisch

been restored. We were shown *Towboat*, *Hilda*'s companion. She is a similar workboat that has not yet been restored and is in declining condition. We looked at a three sail bateau that they called a bugeye. It is rigged more like a ketch and has a stern like a skipjack. But they call it a bugeye, so a bugeye she shall be. It was one of the last boats Mr. Jim Richardson built before he died.

Curiously, they call *Hilda* a Dovetail rather than a Draketail, torpedo stern, or Hoopers Island Launch. When I questioned why, I was told that it just depends on where you are. So a Dovetail she shall be. When I mentioned that I was going to write an article about the Ruark Boatworks for *Messing About in Boats*, I was shown the story of *Hil-*

da by Ira Nelson. I asked if I could have a copy. It was a very good story written in a very creative way and I thought the Messers would enjoy it. They gave me a copy and I hope you like it.

The Ruark Boatworks property is the last piece of open waterfront in Cambridge. It will eventually combine several museums and collections in one location as well as the various boat building and restoration programs it offers. It will also keep this piece of open waterfront open. Cambridge has become a high-rise condo morass, blocking each other's "views" of the once working waterfront. They have developed some very expensive shade!

Anyway, both museums are well worth visiting and there are several other non-marine related museums, too. There are some interesting little towns, hamlets, and historic sites around that will give you a good idea of what things looked like not too long ago.

Happy sails.



The Ruark Boat Works.

Hilda at the dock.



Realization

Hello, Honey! Come on in... sit down a spell... name's *Hilda*. Land sakes, haven't been able to talk to people for a long time!

I came into the world in Toddville in lower Dorchester County, Maryland, back in '52 and been working my whole life on the water; the Honga, Fishing Bay, Tangier Sound, all part of my playground. I'm 55 years old now and feeling my age, backbone kinda sags, ribs cracked, skin's in terrible shape, and I have a cough that won't quit. I was making out all right though until that exam in 2001 brought some bad news. I was afraid my days on the water were about over! I'd been with nine different watermen in my life, some for only a



A three sail bateau built by Mr. Jim Richardson, not a true bugeye but with a bugeye rig.

The latest restoration project (not identified).



Rolling Out the *Hilda*

(As told to Ira "Bo" Nelson)



couple of months, some for many years, but my future was now up to the latest one, Robert Simpson, of Easton, Maryland.

I wisht I could go back in time to my first one... man named Hiram Todd. Hiram had two brothers, Wilby and Reese Todd, and a nephew named Rufus. Reese was a boatbuilder, crabbing boats, fishing boats, and oystering boats, what they called Draketails, workboats distinguishable from all others by the reverse slant rounded stern. He built all those boats as though they were going to be part of his family. The last one built he sold to his brother Hiram. Due to the troubles that wooden boats encounter over 50 years, fires, sinkings, rot, collisions, weathering, ice

damage, neglect, all of Reese's boats are now gone except this last one, a 38' Draketail, the one Hiram bought, me, *Hilda*!

But, of course, I couldn't go back in time so now... what was Robert Simpson going to do with me? I fretted.

Resignation

I didn't know what was happening back in 2001 when Robert Simpson loaded me onto a big boat trailer and drove me down a highway. An hour or so later the trailer parked beside an old brick building and I was offloaded onto big wooden blocks. Some men, probably not watermen, took many pictures and walked around and poked and pulled and prodded and finally left me... but I did have company, another workboat nearby, also on blocks, named *Towboat*. He was nice enough, but not a Draketail. That evening *Towboat* told me what was happening. He... (and now me)... had been given to the Richardson Maritime Museum in Cambridge, Maryland. (I'd heard of Cambridge, I hadn't heard of the Richardson.) What were they going to do to me? *Towboat* didn't know. I fretted.

Well, a year went by and I was getting very worried. Was I going to die right there, drying out in the sun, wasting away atop those wooden blocks? Was Reese Todd's last boat doomed?

One Monday morning, without any warning at all, two men came carrying heavy hammers and a chain saw and knocked the entire cabin off me! Splinters of plywood, wires, broken plexiglass, and paint chips lay all over the ground! They lifted out my engine and sold it for parts, well, at least my cough was gone! I have to admit, losing my cabin and engine was no great loss considering their poor condition, but still... Then another one of those trailers lifted me off the blocks and backed me right inside that old brick building and set me back down on blocks again! I was confused and surely didn't realize as those sliding doors closed that this was going to be my home for the next five years! A calendar on the wall was turned to January 2002.

Despite my sudden renewed expectations, for another couple of years I felt invisible even though I was a 38' obstacle in a 60' long boat shop! The Museum had greater priorities, other interests, and people would just walk past me with barely a glance. I collected cobwebs... dust settled on me everywhere.

Recollection

During those months I thought about my life on the water, all the different owners who worked with me and tended to me or ignored me! There's a popular saying amongst us boats that "the two happiest times in a boat's life are when it gets an owner and when it gets rid of an owner." Often true, but sometimes not!

I was built for Hiram Todd, of course, and he took care of me while I was new! But one morning, about six years later, I waited in vain for him to arrive at the dock. He didn't appear the next day, nor the next. I was beginning to hear the other boats talking about a terrible accident... a lawn mower... leg wounds... major surgery. A few days later a man came to the dock and untied me and took me to another slip.

The new slip was owned by Lloyd Jones, also of Toddville. I had heard the boats say good things about this man and I decided to give him a chance to impress me. Well, he did that... and we began a partnership that lasted 27 years! We crabbed and tonged season after

season, year after year. Lloyd sang songs as we ran down the crab lines or culled the oysters. I provided accompaniment with horn, bell, and exhaust pipe and the soft swish of the water sliding by. All the other boats around could hear the singing across the waves! One odd thing about Lloyd though, for some reason he liked to take fried pork chops out on the water with him and many times he'd accidentally leave one on the boat at night. Well, you just know... the wharf rats (the four-legged kind)... would find a way to get aboard and haul away that entrée. Well, I said it was odd!

Sadly, near the end of that happy stretch of time Lloyd began to get sick. After more than a year of declining health he could no longer continue.

For the next 10 years or so I went through numerous other owners, some lasted only a couple of months for reasons I didn't fully understand, but I suppose financial problems, over-ambitious dreams, under-appreciated demands of working on the water, and health problems were all reasons why I couldn't keep an owner for very long. I was passed around between Toddville and Kent Island. The water tasted funny up north there, but I got used to it... reluctantly.

The last in the line of owners was Robert Simpson of Easton and he, as I said, gave me to the Richardson Museum. And that unforeseen bit of good fortune, my friend, is why I'm able to tell you this story now.

During those first years in the boat shop I did have a few visitors, people who had read about me in the newspapers or had heard that a "Draketail" was in the boat works at the Museum. Reporters from the *Baltimore Sun* and from local newspapers and magazines wrote articles about the Museum and its "restoration project." One day the wall read March 2002, land sakes, a gray-haired man walked quietly into the shop, gazed up at me for a few moments, put his hand on my bow and said, "My name's Rufus Todd. Hello, Honey."

One morning, months later, I opened my eyes and noticed the paper on the wall read November 2006. That very same day a whole bunch of men hurried in carrying measuring tapes and clipboards. They climbed over me and crawled under me and turned upside down and sideways, measured me from bow to stern and wrote on their clipboards. Then they left me alone again!

Restoration

One freezing day, three weeks later, the men returned and swept away my cobwebs and vacuumed all the dust... hmm, this was getting interesting! From that very day until now, August 2007, a half dozen men at a time have worked on me three days a week, every week, replacing floors, ribs, side decks, rub rails, coamings, and completely rebuilt my fabled draketail stern!

Many men lent their talents to my restoration. Ken and Frank and Victor and Bobby replaced the keelson and then steamed planks which were bent into place to form my flaring forward sections. Dave and Paul measured and cut the plywood for the deck and coamings. Harold cut slots in strips of teak to form the coaming cap rails (this is a very elegant step). Ray fashioned Sampson posts (bow and stern) out of 3"x3" oak posts and chamfered the tops and varnished them and capped them with copper, classy! Mac and Dave and Paul constructed an entirely new cabin and

Dan built the cabin doors, this was very precise work! I learned a new word, "mighter," for some reason they said that word a lot! Apparently there are many ways of building a cabin and one person thinks his way "migh" work and another thinks that his way "migh" work so they compare all the ideas and decide which idea seems the "mighter" and that's how my new cabin got built!

Joe sanded and puttied and puttied and sanded every surface in sight! Ken refurbished a six-cylinder Chevrolet engine and, with the help of Dave and others, aligned it with the old propeller shaft and laid in the exhaust pipe, the water intake filter, the oil cooler, the water pump, and wired the whole thing to the brass instrument panel. They tucked a new fuel tank under the aft deck. A dozen other volunteers (Mike, Ken, Earl, Charlie...) whose faces became so familiar but all of whose names I can't recall (does that ever happen to you? It will!), did a thousand other tasks, running over to E.S. Hubbard for hardware, vacuuming sawdust and metal filings, passing up drill bits, sandpaper, levels, squares, hammers, pencils, they were always losing pencils, mixing paint, removing trash, locating ladders and scaffolds, making coffee, putting out the cat... oh, sorry, no cat... and turning out the lights at night!

So now I know what the Richardson Maritime Museum was going to do to me. They were going to rebuild me, put me back on the water, give me back my life! No more fretting! Thank you, guys! And I'm back in Dorchester!

I'm Excited!

When those doors slid open on Wednesday, August 15, in the year 2007, at about half past high noon, I was ready to roll out under that clear blue Cambridge Creek sky and greet my audience with a bow with flare and shout to everyone, "Hellooo, honey!!" and I saw Rufus in the front row smiling and, in his heart, softly shouting the same thing back to me!

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Just got done reading "Is the Golden Age of Sailboats Over?" in the November 1 issue and had to respond with a story.

My friend Dennis and I are sailing buddies as well as co-conspirators in the construction trade. I'm a general contractor, he is one of the guys who makes me look good. Dennis is a wood flooring contractor. We met on a bay front job a number of years ago, watched sailboats, and became friends to this day. In addition to working and sailing together, we talk via shoe phone at least four or five times a week.

A few years ago I picked up my phone to an unusual greeting, "I bought a boat." He had been sailing a Catalina 22 but now he had bought a boat! "Whadayamean you bought a boat?" He went on to explain how he'd found a 1970 Morgan 30 for sale, made the offer, and bought her. The deal was too good to be true, without going into details. So good that I was a bit jealous but, not being given over to envy, I was happy for him. (When I introduced Dennis to my wife some time later, I referred to him as the one who saved our marriage because if he didn't buy her, I would have).

She needed some cleaning up, painting, and fixing up over the winter and finally she was done. One Saturday in the spring I drove up to help him out with some finishing touches and, liking to be prepared, brought along some beer for the occasion, the occasion being a possible first sail. We decided to fire up the Yanmar and go out for a short mo-

Golden Age Not Over Yet

By Bob Errico

tor to the mouth of the Cedar Creek. Just a short spin, mind you, to check out the diesel. The wind was nice, the weather was nice, the diesel sounded great, so one of us made the suggestion, "Well, let's just raise the main a bit and see how she feels." Needless to say, we couldn't stop and soon that entire piece of canvas was flying. It's really something to feel a six-ton boat accelerate from wind in a sail. "Well, what about unfurling the jib?" I asked. Carpe Diem, you know. Out it went in full. We were sailin', man, and the faces of the crew were awash with big grins.

Now there were a lot of sailboats out that afternoon and I wondered why they all seemed to be dragging drogues from their sterns. For some reason we were overtaking every one of them. Most of these boats were beamy, spacious boats designed for the lady of the house. Probably much more comfortable below than the Morgan 30. The marketing people in the boat business know that if you convince the wife, the deal is just about done. Wives must like big spaces because these all were beamier than us. Charlie Morgan must have overlooked that fact. In the Morgan 30 he designed a bulletproof rocket

of a boat. Yeah, Golden Age, baby!

Neither of us are geniuses but it didn't take long to realize that we were the fastest boat out that day. Some skippers were on deck, looking at their sails, looking at us, shaking their heads, and wondering how their mucho \$\$\$ McMansion sailboats were being beaten by this old DeSoto skippered by two grin-bearing un-yachties. Now when talk comes down to what makes a boat fast, sometimes it is said, "It ain't the boat," hinting at the crews' ability. Well, in our case, it ain't the crew!

Is the Golden Age of sailboats over? Maybe, but not when you're sailing on one of the Golden Age boats. That day we were transported back in time when things were built to last. When phones had rotary dials and wires and always worked. When it wasn't all formica and flash and electronic gizmo players that mattered, but the seaworthiness of the ship and the fact that she was built to keep the crew safe. True, she has a head, a table, and nice galley. But compared to what's offered today, you were still roughing it, to say the least. This boat was made to sail, not look pretty like some marina couch potato, and sail her we did.

As we headed back for port we raised and clinked our bottles together, basking in our victory. As Jackie Gleason noted, "How sweet it is!"

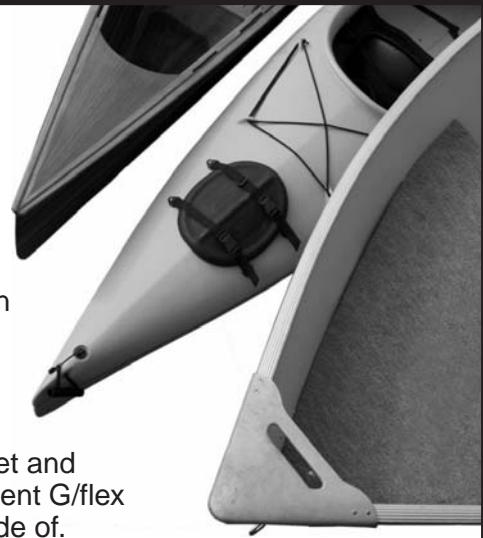
(Readers interested in Golden Age sailboats who do not already know about the magazine, *Good Old Boat*, should look into it).

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Everything we see in this world, however, is based upon our relative experiences, including those from which we judge the courage and seamanship of these present day heroes. Step back 100 years (less than twice my lifetime) and these deeds might seem mundane at best, at least to a certain breed of sailors, the Cape Horn Breed. Join 15-year-old William H.S. Jones aboard the full rigged, three-masted, 309' *British Isles* as she battles her way around Cape Horn (the hard way, east to west) in a record setting (for the longest rounding) 71 days and you should become, as I did, engrossed in what was entirely normal in the waning days of the windjammer era; huge, proud sailing ships, under-crewed and still engaged in carrying bulk cargo and competing with the plodding 8kt all day and night steamships which eventually spelled an end to the age of sail.

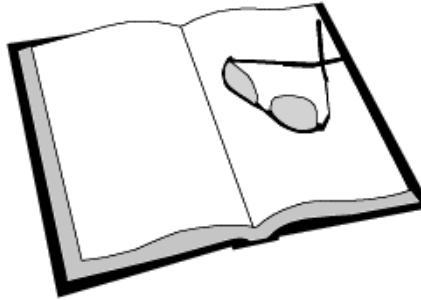
This book, *The Cape Horn Breed*, is based upon the recollections of Captain William H.S. Jones, as told to P.R. Stephenson, from a diary kept by him during the four years in which he served his apprenticeship, beginning at the age of 15, to the profession of an officer in the British Mercantile Marine.

The book is of particular interest to me because the captain of the *British Isles*, James P. Barker, was the father of my good friend James Barker, who originally introduced me to it by loaning me his copy. I was fortunate in also making the acquaintance of Jim's two brothers, one of whom, Roland, was a maritime artist and author who had served as third mate under his father on the *Tusitala*, the last US-flagged full-rigged ship engaged in commerce.

James, along with his brothers, has been gone now for a few years but some event recently rekindled my interest in them and this book so I acquired a copy through Abebooks.com and re-immersed myself into the unbelievable world of this breed of sailors. My reasons for sharing this book by way of this review are, in part, not unlike what Captain Jones stated as his own reason for writing it:

"My purpose in writing this narrative is not to emphasize only the ordeals that we endured on that voyage of the *British Isles* around the Horn, which was exceptional in the numerous mishaps that occurred. My desire is to record the facts, which illustrate how men can adapt themselves to adversities, driving themselves to the breaking point when challenged by hostile circumstances."

To put the task of sailing these ships in proper perspective consider, as a beginning, the specifications of the *British Isles*, a fairly typical ship of her type. She was launched in 1884 with a registered tonnage of 2,287 tons. She could carry a maximum cargo of 4,000 tons in her 309' length. The *British Isles* was a full rigged ship which carried a total of 26 sails, six each on the foremast and mainmast with five on the mizzen, accompanied by three jib sails, five staysails, and a spanker. Some of these sails were enormous. As an ex-

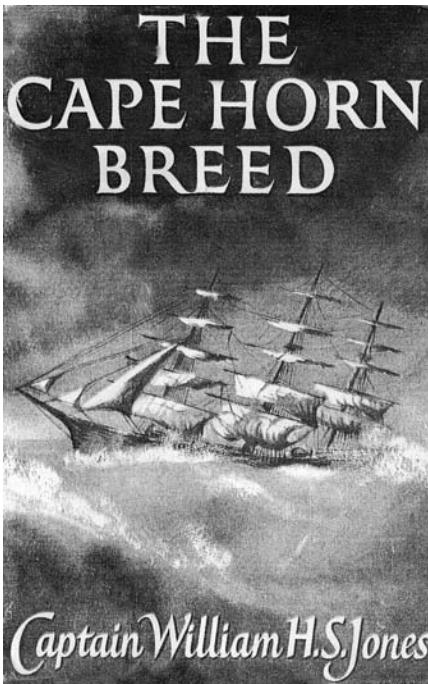


Book Review

The Cape Horn Breed

By Captain William H.S. Jones
Andrew Melrose, London, 1956

Review by D. Turner Matthews



ample, the main yard was 105' and the foremast reached 200' with 130' in the steel lower mast and 70' in the wooden topmast.

The *British Isles* was not a good sailer to windward, but was something of a flyer off the wind. In 1898 she held the record for the fastest voyage from London to Sydney with a port to port time of 80 days, beating the records of several well-known clipper ships. During that voyage she had one 18-day average of 14 knots.

By the time 1905 rolled around, however, the heyday of these ships was over and the *British Isles* was reduced to carrying bulk cargo with the crew diminished to a bare minimum due to economic factors. Those factors, which also resulted in the lack of insurance on either cargo or ship, always weighed heavily on Captain Barker and his obligation to make a profitable and timely voyage. While the clipper ships, which had ruled the seas for some 40 years during the mid-1800s, carried crews of 50 or 60 men,

the average windjammer crew near the end of the century was 30.

During the first leg of the author's journey from Port Talbot, Wales, to Pisagua, Chile, a distance of 10,000 miles, the ship was served by Captain Barker, a first and second mate, four apprentices, of which William Jones at 15 was the youngest, a carpenter, sail maker, steward, cook, and 20 seamen. To work her easily would have required twice the number of seamen. It should also be noted that Captain Barker embarked his wife and two children for the voyage as well, giving some insight into his confidence in the ship and crew.

Furthermore, with freights low and cargoes hard to find, masters were expected to "keep the seas" and avoid putting into any port along the route for provisions, water, or repairs. The reason for this lay behind the fact that if a ship were to put into port in distress, the owners would be charged to the limit for everything required and the captain would very likely be looking for a new command as soon as the voyage was completed.

As for the effect this economic duress had on the crew, with only 20 seamen the ship needed all hands on deck to haul up and reef or stow the courses in a hard breeze as well as the topsails in a moderate gale. Because of the tremendous strength of these ships and their mostly steel rigging, many would typically not reduce sails until the wind reached around 40 knots, at which time the uppermost sails and the huge crossjack set at the bottom of the mizzen would be furled. The progression of reducing sail continued, a few sails at a time through 50, 60, and 70 knots, leaving finally the lower spanker, the lowest staysails, and lower topsails to drive the ship. At 80 knots and above the ship would often heave to.

Each of these changes required, as you might imagine, incredible effort from the entire crew. Add to that the snow and ice encountered in the higher latitudes and my imagination begins to fail to cope with the whole reality. Even in fine weather all hands were needed to tack the ship. The seamen and apprentices were divided into two watches, one under the first mate and one under the second mate, although there was little work aloft which did not require both watches.

On June 11, 1905, the *British Isles* hauled out of Port Talbot docks a few hours after the *Susannah*, a notably fast German ship which was carrying coal to Iquique, Chile, some 40 miles south of Pisagua. Prior to departure both officers and crew of each ship had visited the other and several wagers were made as to which ship would reach her destination first. (As a teaser, I will state here that the *Susannah* reached Iquique 78 days after the *British Isles* arrived, having decided to give up trying to make her westing around Cape Horn and, instead, running her easting down, passing to the south of Australia and New Zealand, and thence across the Pacific in the howling fifties to her destination in South America). To say that this voyage of the *British Isles* was eventful would be well beyond understatement. Let me highlight some of the details.

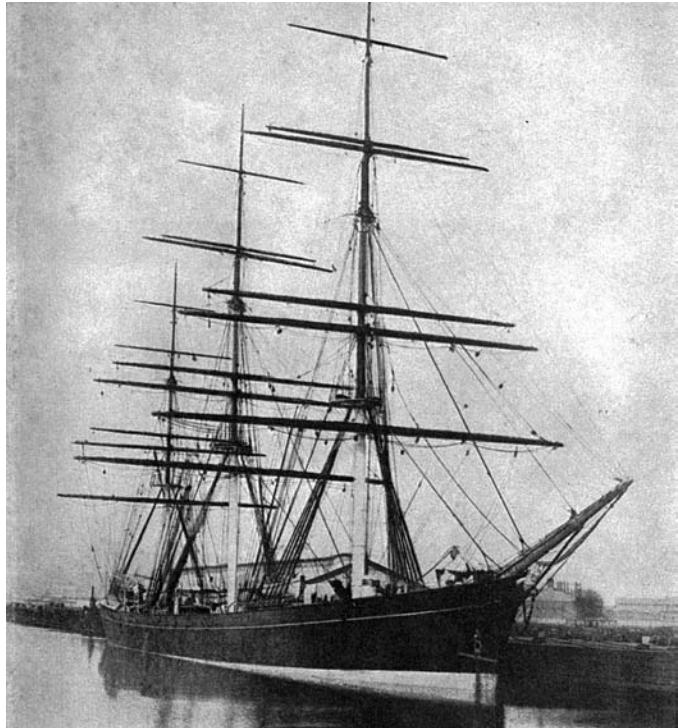
On July 24, some six weeks into an as yet uneventful voyage, all hands were called on deck to be told that the cargo of coal was on fire. This had been determined by a steady increase in the temperature readings of the main hold during their passage through the tropics until, on that day, wisps of smoke

were seen coming from there. In this situation, since there were no steam injections or fire hoses and pressure pumps on a sailing ship, the alternatives were either to close all ventilation and hope the fire would smother from lack of oxygen, or open the hatch and dig the hot coal out. There was, of course, a third alternative, to sail into Rio, about 200 miles due west, to investigate and, if necessary, discharge coal and re-stow the cargo. Because this would involve expense for the owners and would not be following the directive "keep the seas," Captain Barker determined to have the crew do that work on board at sea.

Despite the fact that there was a donkey engine with a boiler and winch, it was not to be used as this would have consumed some of the coal cargo. Instead, eight crew were sent into the hold to shovel the coal into baskets which were hauled on deck by six men tailing on the gantline with four more crew heaving it along the deck and sousing it with water drawn from over side by the second mate and two apprentices. This ordeal continued for four days. As the men dug nearer to the core of the fire the coal temperature increased steadily from 170°F. to 200°F. When they finally reached the seat of the fire where the coal was smoldering and smoking, some of this even burst into flame while being hoisted to deck. At midnight on the fourth day, however, the last of it was removed and the occasion celebrated by the men, but not the apprentices, with a liberal dose of proof rum.

The next day the coal was shoveled in haste back into the hold as the barometer was falling with the wind increasing to a hard northwest breeze. To add even more dimension to the effort surrounding the digging out of the smoldering coal which, as stated, required the extreme labor of at least 16 men, it needs to be noted that the British Isles added 800 miles to her southing during the five days from when the digging began to when the coal was re-stowed and she obviously did not sail herself.

British Isles in port dowing her clipper lines.



The accepted boundaries for a Cape Horn rounding as set by the maelstrom of weather conditions it creates stretch over several hundred miles both east and west of the Cape and all the way south to Antarctica. As the crow flies (maybe an albatross could do it) the rounding begins from latitude 50 degrees south in one ocean, down around the Horn and back up to 50 degrees in the other ocean, a distance of about 1,000 miles. It is my understanding that at the time of this voyage, the 71 days it took the *British Isles* to cover this distance was a record for the longest rounding. After this voyage the record was surpassed by the French *Cambronne*, which took a full 92 days. To contrast how much the weather can differ on each voyage, in 1938 the Laeisz bark *Priwall* made the rounding in five days, 14 hours.

The accepted strategy to round from east to west was to sail southwest against the bitter cold westerlies and keep going until the ship was far enough along that she could go on the port tack and, if lucky, head northwest or at least north. As can be seen from the drawing of the track and noon positions of the *British Isles* which accompanies this review, the above strategy is theoretical at best.

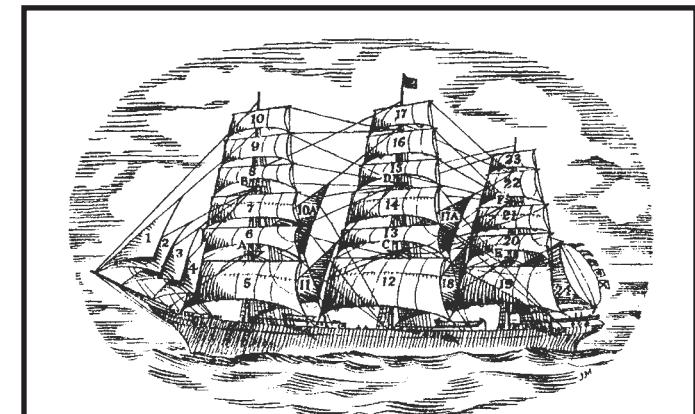
On the morning of August 7 the ship passed Staten Island with a fair and following easterly breeze. These conditions were far from usual but did exist on occasion for short periods when the easterlies sometimes even reached gale force. On August 8 they passed Cape Horn well to the south of it in 57 degrees south, out of sight of land. By shortly after noon, however, the easterly wind dropped to a light breeze, the temperature dropped suddenly, the skies clouded, and snow began to fall with icicles forming in the rigging. To quote apprentice Jones, "The long, oily-looking swell from the west took on a sinister look and feel as we breasted it. On the far western horizon dense masses of cloud loomed portentous." By sunset Captain Barker had watched the barometer fall far enough and called all hands out to take in sail on all masts. It was

Jones' first experience in furling ice stiffened canvas in temperatures several degrees below freezing. Later that evening the battle with Cape Horn is engaged. Once again, to quote apprentice Jones:

"Suddenly, in the wall of darkness to the westward, a line of vivid whiteness is glimpsed advancing relentlessly towards us. It is the surface of the water churned by the violence of the approaching storm, about a mile from us, so that it seethes as through boiling in a gigantic cauldron. As the winds reach the ship, she shudders at the impact, heeling her lee rail under, with the men bracing up the yards, immersed to their waists in the icy-cold flood of water that pours in over the rail. By the next day, the *British Isles* had rounded Cape Horn again, immersed in a storm of hurricane force with her wake streaming to windward at an angle of 60 degrees to its keel. The storm shows no sign of abating."

What follows this auspicious beginning is a narrative which fully captures, to my mind at least, the strength, character, and integrity which each man was compelled to display in an epic struggle for survival of the ship and all aboard. Through it all the authority of the captain was supreme. The authority was maintained both by his obvious competence in his command and seamanship and by his confrontation with the first mate in front of the crew, with whom the mate had been discussing the possibility of running back to Port Stanley. The mate was brought before the crew delegation by the captain, who had retrieved him from his cabin with a revolver being held to his ribs. There was no more talk of turning back.

On October 16 the *British Isles* finally made latitude 50 degrees south, at longitude 82 degrees west. By this time the ship had survived unbelievable storms, including a rogue wave which completely swept the ship and carried away all four of the ship's boats, the aforementioned borderline mutiny, a leg amputation performed by the captain with the cook's knife and meat saw, the loss of three men overboard, and disabling injuries to sev-



The *British Isles*, a typical full-rigged ship

SAIL PLAN	
1. Flying jib	10a. Main t'gallant stays'l
2. Outer jib	11. Main topmast stays'l
3. Inner jib	12. Mains'l
4. Fore topmast stays'l	13. Main lower tops'l
5. Foros'l	14. Main upper tops'l
6. Fore lower tops'l	15. Main lower t'gans'l
7. Fore upper tops'l	16. Main upper t'gans'l
8. Fore lower t'gans'l	17. Main royal
9. Fore upper t'gans'l	C. Main top
10. Fore royal	D. Main cross-trees
A. Fore top	
B. Fore cross-trees	
	17a. Mizzen t'gallant stays'l
	18. Mizzen topmast stays'l
	19. Cro'jik
	20. Mizzen lower tops'l
	21. Mizzen upper tops'l
	22. Mizzen t'gans'l
	23. Mizzen royal
	E. Mizzen top
	F. Mizzen cross-trees
	24. Spanker

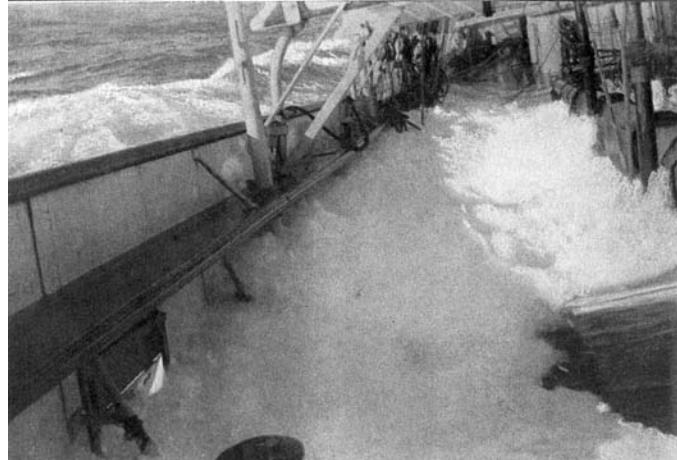
en more of the crew who were sent to hospital when the ship arrived in Pisagua. The total "butcher's bill," as the British Navy would call it, from this battle with Cape Horn was six dead (three lost overboard and three dead from injuries), two permanently disabled, and three partially disabled, or over 50 percent casualties from the 20 crewmen who signed on. It was, as Captain Jones stated, "a heavy price to pay for delivering 3,600 tons of black diamonds to Pisagua.

There was blood on that coal, and sweat, but no tears or vain regrets (as we would surely have today in the "Who can we blame?" world we have allowed to encompass us) for seamen in sail had been brought up in a hard school and expected adversities, even disasters, in their chosen profession. Throughout it all the men and apprentices had risen to each emergency, working beyond what we today would consider the limit of human endurance, tapping into those reserves we seldom see but which, of necessity, were almost commonplace in this breed of sailor.

Although this Cape Horn rounding is a complete epic story by itself, it only occupies a little more than one-third of this book. The rest of the tale encompasses the remaining three-and-a-half years of Jones' apprenticeship. It is filled with historical insight in regard to the squalid conditions of the Chilean ports to which these bulk carriers were compelled to frequent. It gives further glimpses into the ability of Captain Barker in all aspects of the running of his ship.

Top: Running her easterly down, apprentices standing by the wheel.

Bottom: The decks full of surging water.



One amazing example of this was the repair of the ship after her battle with Cape Horn. So heavy were the estimated costs of repairing, refitting, and re-provisioning the ship for a new voyage that the owners were seriously considering offering her for sale as she lay rather than incur those expenses. Captain Barker responded to this by suggesting that he could save the biggest item of expense by lifting the foremast and jib-boom out with the labor of the crew, under his own supervision, so that these heavy steel spars could be repaired by blacksmiths on deck instead of on shore. After these repairs were made he would re-rig the ship with the crew's labor. Because of his confidence and competence the owners agreed to let him do it, and in the meantime arranged to send out (by steamer, no less) a new suit of sails and cordage, along with 12 months' provisions.

The narrative which describes the lifting out of these spars should be in any physics textbook dealing with leverage, fulcrums, and the mechanical advantage to be gained by block and tackle. Start with the crew: The captain, six seamen, four apprentices, two mates, and the carpenter. The opponent: The foremast was a steel tube 3" in diameter at the deck and tapering to about 12" at the cap. It was 130' long and weighed around 10 tons. It had to be lifted almost 25° so the heel could clear the deck and then be laid out on deck so the blacksmiths could work on it.

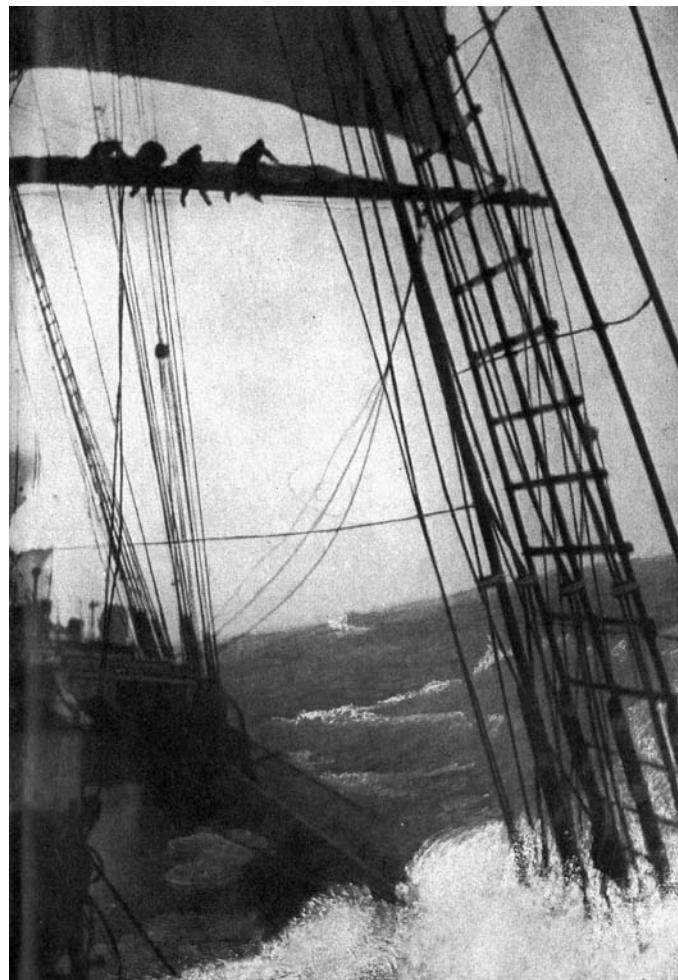
The repairs involved stripping the three masts of all yards, down to the lower topsail

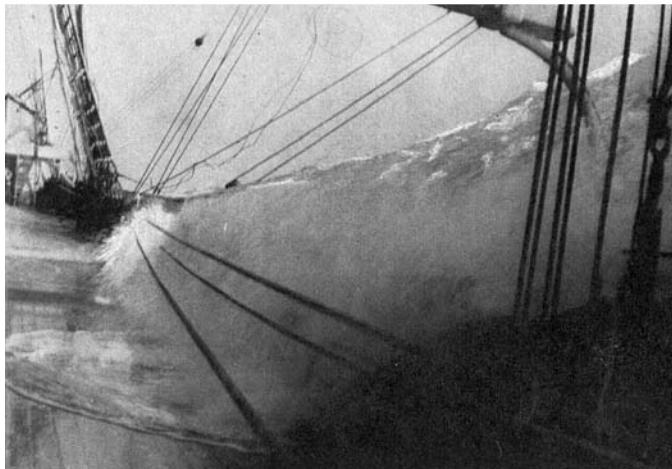
yards, and sending down the topgallant and royal masts. For the lifting of the foremast it was necessary to rig sheer legs in a tripod with a main fourfold purchase. The actual lifting finally took place in the presence of several captains from other ships in the harbor and was apparently accomplished calmly and without a hitch. This feat was spoken of for many years as a notable accomplishment of Captain Barker.

Once the *British Isles* was fully repaired and restored to her former sailing glory, which took a total of four-and-a-half months, she was sent to Australia to engage in the coal trade from there to the west coast of South America. With the exception of the conduct of the new first mate, this 7,000-mile journey was a pleasure cruise compared to the previous voyage. New seamen had been signed on as well as an American mate known as a "Bucko." Without going into details it can be easily said that American "down easters" contained some of the most brutal mates and officers ever to sail the seas. For more details read *The Voyage* by Sterling Hayden or do your own research. It is not a history to be proud of. This mate was discharged when the ship arrived in Australia.

In any event, the *British Isles* arrived in Sydney Harbor where she was dry docked for bottom cleaning and painting, after which she was towed by tug to Newcastle to await her turn for a load of coal to take back to Valparaiso. The stay in Newcastle was around two months and apprentice Jones was final-

A Cape Horn "Snorter," furling the foresail in a blizzard.





Top: Running before a gale.

Bottom: Mountainous seas breaking onboard.

ly able to wear his brass-buttoned apprentice uniform and be engaged in the social world provided by the Reverend "Charlie" Moss of the Seamen's Mission who made a special duty of attending to the welfare of apprentices on ships, arranging tours, picnics, and interaction with local girls.

Once loaded with coal, the trip back to Valparaiso, perhaps dictated by Captain Barker's desire to arrive there before the steamer *Comerie*, which left the same day also with a load of coal for Valparaiso, was sailed mostly in the "howling fifties" where following gales are to be expected across about 5,000 miles of open ocean to the South American coast. To best sum up this voyage, perhaps one paragraph from Apprentice Jones will suffice:

"Clinging grimly to the spokes of the wheel, the men on each side cast fearful glances astern, knowing only too well that if one of the giant combers, which towered perhaps 50' above them, broke over the stern they would be swept into eternity. Then they gained renewed confidence as the stern rose out of the abyss-like trough of the sea, and they felt again the onward surge of the living fabric beneath their feet."

Thirty-four days after leaving Newcastle in New South Wales the *British Isles* dropped anchor in Valparaiso. While not a record, the passage was within a few days of the fastest ever made. The *Comerie* arrived two days later. After another round trip to Newcastle the ship received a cargo of nitrate at Iquique and left there bound for Dunkirk where it arrived after a relatively easy trip, marred only by the near miss of being run down by a steamer in the thick of a windless English Channel fog.



British Isle off Cape Horn, 1905; topsail blown out of the bolt ropes.

From Dunkirk, Jones was given home leave, arriving there at the end of January 1908, two-and-a-half years into his apprenticeship. He rejoins the ship at Cardiff and, upon reporting to the Captain, found him conferring with the owner of the ship, Mr. Thomas Shute. That was surprise enough but was followed by a pronouncement from Mr. Shute that, based upon the Captain's favorable report, he was being promoted to the position of uncertified third mate with pay at the rate of £3 a month. He was given his own cabin and thereafter would be referred to as "Mister" by the Captain.

Obviously excited, the responsibility of the position soon led to mixed emotions. He, as a 19-year-old, would have to command and receive obedience to orders issued to hardened shellbacks with more years, more knowledge, and more experience. Helping his position along, however, was the new second mate who was only two years older than Jones. Unfortunately for Third Mate Jones, the second mate was injured shortly after the ship left on its voyage to Iquique, Chile, with another cargo of coal and he was required to take over his duties for several weeks. Under the watchful eye of Captain Barker, however, he grew in this position and earned the grudging respect of the crew.

From Iquique, the *British Isles* sailed to Tacoma, Washington, which voyage, to me, was of particular interest, as I have spent a bit of time in the waters of Puget Sound as well as Port Townsend, the port of entry for Seattle and Tacoma.

Having loaded a cargo of wheat, the ship left Cape Flattery behind in mid-December

1908 as she began her 15,000-mile voyage from the North Pacific to the North Atlantic around Cape Horn. This voyage was, fortunately, uneventful considering that they narrowly missed colliding with an iceberg south of Cape Horn in foggy conditions. When the fog lifted, within a mile of the ship lay 15 or 20 of them. As they continued on in bright sunlight they passed many more, some up to a mile long and 100' high.

On this final leg of Jones' apprenticeship they arrived at Queenstown for orders 120 days out from Cape Flattery. In the final bit of adventure the *British Isles* is under tow from Queenstown along the western coast of Ireland to Limerick on the River Shannon. In the midst of a full westerly gale, with no sails set, she parted her tow line no more than two or three miles off the lee shore. Showing incredible seamanship sails were set, the heavy parted towing cable which was acting as a drogue was released, and she clawed her way along the coast for 30 miles until she rounded Kerry Head and proceeded to her original destination of Limerick, up River Shannon.

Soon thereafter, on the evening of May 12, *British Isles* entered the Port Talbot dock and apprentice Third Mate William H.S. Jones' four-year term as an apprentice expired. So, also, ends this book with Apprentice Jones leaving the ship as a man, a graduated apprentice, and with a handwritten letter of recommendation from Captain Barker which ended with the sentence, "I hope to have the pleasure of having him again serve under my command."

In conclusion, it might be of some benefit to discuss my reasons for wanting to share

this book. Initially I intended to use it as a political statement of sorts, condemning the sorrowful state into which our “civilized” western world has lapsed. Over-regulated, full of fear, and lacking that type of drive and conviction which would allow a 15-year-old boy, with the consent of his parents, to undertake such a career. While that is all true, it would, in my opinion, be a disservice to those brave souls who engaged in this trade. They did so because that was what their life was about, many perhaps without a clear choice in the matter. I don’t suppose they would have wanted to hunt wooly mammoths with a spear any more than most of us today would want to serve on the *British Isles*. As Bob Dylan’s song says, “The times-they are a’ changing”

It is best then to read and admire their courage without comparison and take inspiration from their brave lives without criticizing our own.

Further Reading

For any readers who might wish to learn more about this amazing period of sail, I can recommend the following books and authors encompassing this particular type of ship and sailor. Most all are available on www.Abebooks.com at varying prices, depending on condition.

The Log of a Limejuicer, by Captain James P. Barker, Huntington Press, 1933. This is Captain Barker’s narrative, told to his son Roland, which includes his recollection of the *British Isles*’ celebrated voyage of 1905.

Tusitala, by Roland Barker, W.W. Norton and Co, 1959. Mr. Barker’s book about sailing on the *Tusitala* as third mate under his father, Captain Barker.

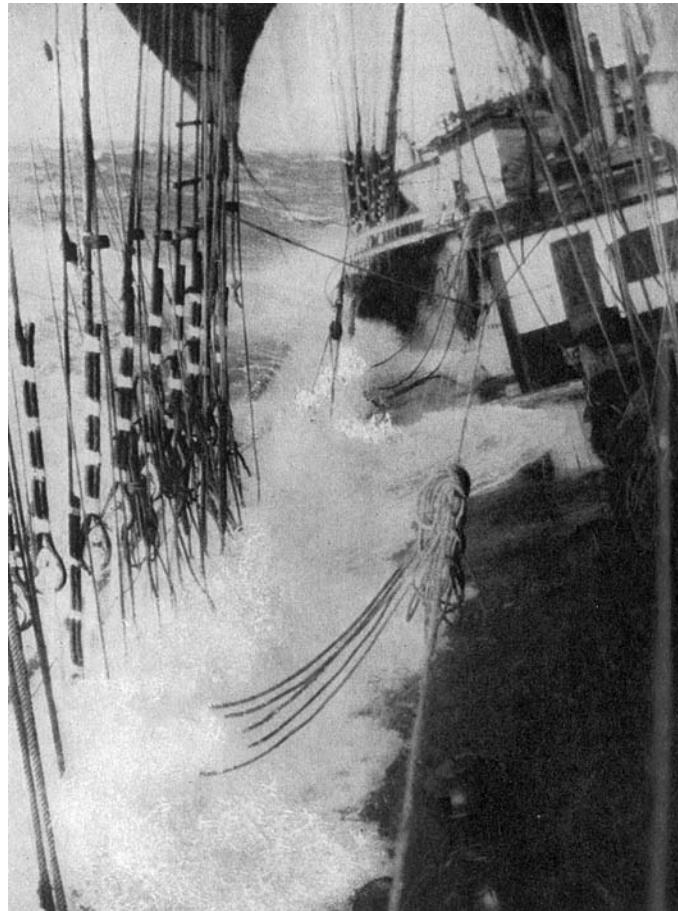
Rolling Round the Horn, by Claude Muncaster, Rich and Cowan, Ltd, 1933. This, to my mind, is of particular interest in that Muncaster signed as a deckhand and, therefore, lived and worked with the crew. The interpersonal relations give a great insight into the minds and thoughts of the average seaman.

By Way of Cape Horn, by Alan Villiers, Henry Holt and Co, 1930. This was the event that set up Villiers as a personality/celebrity. He and his friend signed on the *Grace Harwar* to sail from Australia to England. His friend was tragically killed on the trip but the films made of the voyage were shown at engagements around the world.

The Way of A Ship, by Alan Villiers, Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1953. This book gets down to the details about how these ships were managed, how the sailing routes were chosen, and almost anything else you might want to know from how they were sailed, to record voyages, and a typical balance sheet of a sailing ship’s voyage.

The Voyage, by Sterling Hayden. This political/historical novel deals with a voyage around Cape Horn in a steel square rigger, *Neptune’s Car*. It tackles the conditions of seamen, both aboard ship and ashore, as well as those who were trying to organize some protective response to the conditions aboard ship. This is probably the ultimate Cape Horn novel.

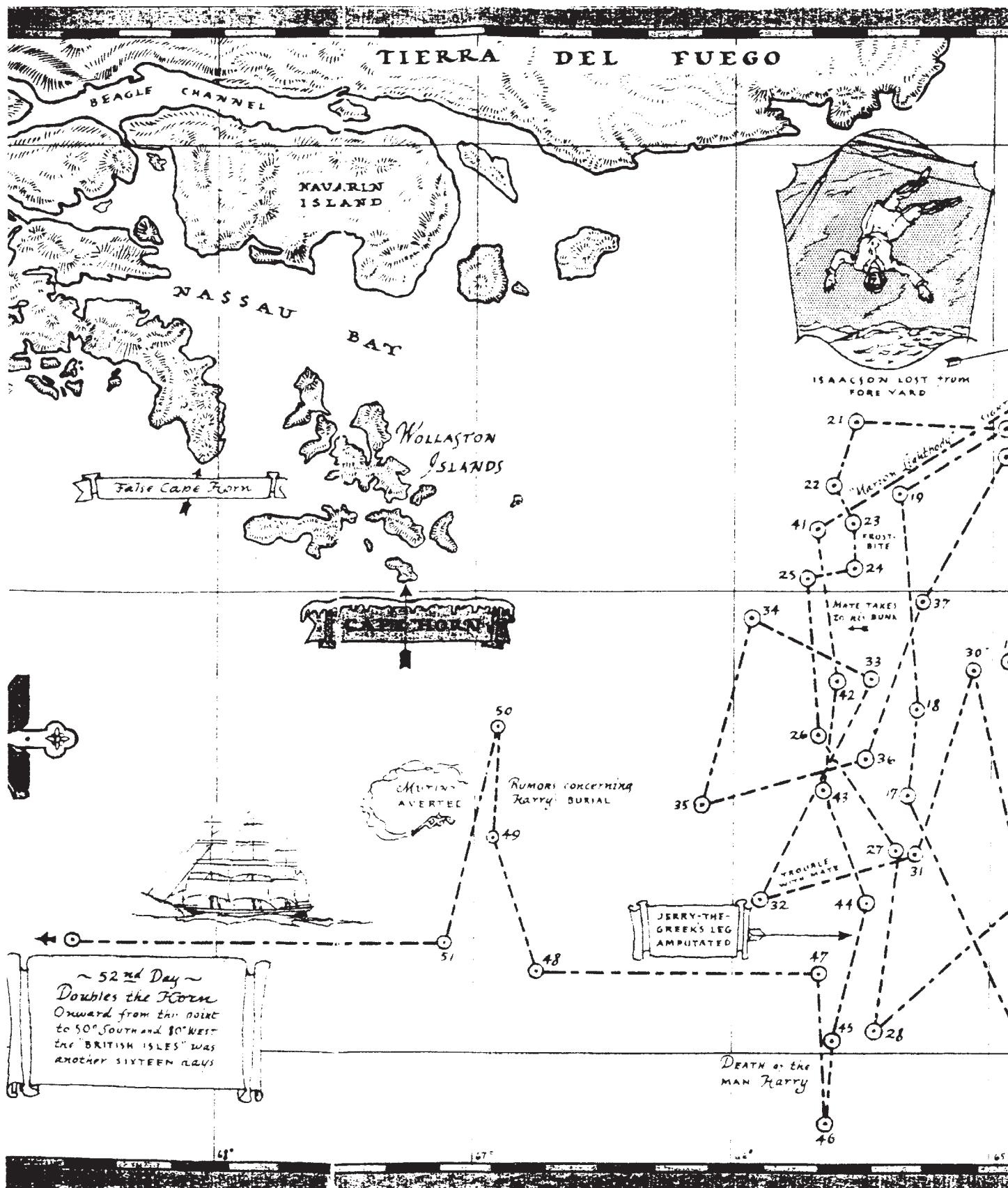
Laying down with the lee rail in the sea.

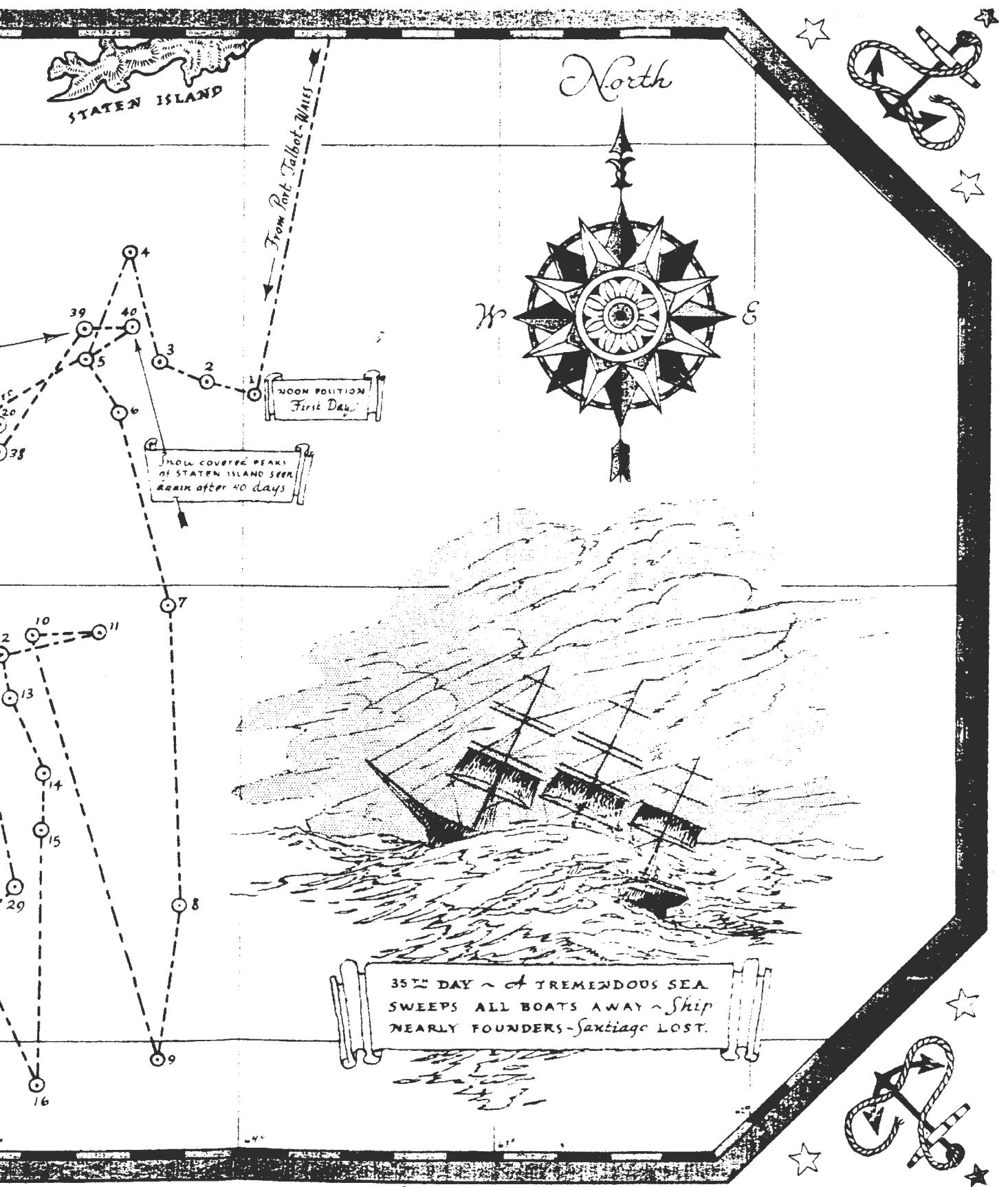


Top: The anchorage at Iquique. Bottom: The anchorage at Pisagua.



Centerfold Over: Captain Barker’s day by day position log of 52 days it took to round the Horn.





Three years ago in the fall I responded to an ad in the *Washington Post* "Aviation, Boats, RVs, Motorcycles" classifieds. Drascombe Cruiser, 22', \$3,500. I had been scouring these ads every Saturday for the last ten years and hadn't placed a call since 1993 when I got a canoe for \$300 from an outfitter on the Shenandoah. I wanted a real boat to sail on the Chesapeake but had always shovved the need aside. We were barely making ends meet putting two young kids through private schools and paying on a huge mortgage. A boat purchase seemed an unjustifiable extravagance.

But something drew me to this ad. I recalled that I had rented a Drascombe boat, a lugger, for a few hours on Derwent Water in the English Lakes District back in 2001. It had been a short and confusing sail, both for trying to figure out the unusual rig of the boat and for instructing my passengers, a group of slightly tentative friends. But the boat had been kind and at the time it had fully satisfied an immediate need to sail.

I called the number in the ad, obtaining the basics; fiberglass, built in England in early 1970s, yawl rig, tanbark sails, centerboard, outboard, and had to sell because the owner was moving to the Pacific Northwest and had too many boats to bring them all across the country. I impulsively set a time to visit the following Sunday.

Sunday dawned a blustery fall day and we headed down Route 5 towards Leonardtown. The instructions called for us to take a left a few miles before the turnoff to the historic Sotterley Plantation. Since that is where we had gotten married, we stopped there first to show the kids the lovely overlooking of the Patuxent River. Heading back north in the waning fall afternoon light, we turned off and headed down a high winding peninsula with houses buried in the woods below the level of the road. On a sharp curve we found the indicated pulloff, parked, and headed down the walk to the house. It reminded me of a hippy shack in the woods above Santa Cruz, California, but turned out to be the retirement home of a Washington government couple.

Grabbing a coat, Bill and his small dog led us down further to the water's edge. On a line offshore in the steep-sided hidey hole of a creek was the boat with a lapstrake hull and a small cuddly cabin with portholes encircled with the hand-painted petals of '60s style sunflowers.

Bill hauled her into shore onto the shallow flats and we climbed aboard. She drew only a few inches with her centerboard up. I helped rig sheets and haul halyards as we dropped the line and headed out for a quick sail across the inlet. It was probably gusting 30 outside but I loved the solid feel as she picked up speed and stood upright against the catpaws coming off the ridge. My 12-year-old son stood proudly aft beside the mizzen, out of the way of tiller and sheets, and my wife sat forward, surprisingly content against the back of the cuddly, while my daughter looked below. This was no little dinghy, she was big, solid, and seakindly, ready to go anywhere, and yet she was also a true beach boat looking to poke her nose into any cove and anchor in the shallows or draw up on the shore for the night.

I didn't have the money but I bought her. I didn't bargain much and I didn't look her over a lot, even though I could see she was pretty rough. I just offered him three grand and asked if he could let me pay him when

The Long Haul to the Water

By Peter O. Thomas

I scraped together the money, maybe over the next couple months. He was fine with that and I was fine with the risk of spending \$3,000 on a dream. I knew it was just the boat I wanted, simple, strong, and gutsy.

Over the next couple of months I traveled a lot out of the country but managed to write a couple of \$1,000 checks and send them off. Bill and I exchanged calls about getting the boat and finally worked out that he would trailer her up behind his brother's pickup sometime before his final move to Oregon in December. I don't remember now what obligation was so important for us to miss her arrival but we weren't there when she arrived. But when we got home there she was, filling up the driveway.

I was actually now the proud owner of two funky English boats with gunter-rigged red sails, each about 30 years old. My other sailboat is an 11' Mirror dinghy. I bought her in Maine with my father-in-law in 1982 at the local boatyard. As we plunked down our \$400 they informed us "that's Amory's boat." I'm not sure, but my father-in-law, who knows this stuff, had the feeling Amory had some connection to the CIA.

She wasn't Amory's boat anymore. We quickly renamed her *NeverSink the Second*, painted her hull bright blue, her topsides green, and her trim bright red after a Spanish fishing smack and graced Pulpit harbor with her for a few weeks every August. *NeverSink* wasn't in the league of the Concordia yawls and Herreshoff 12½s we were sailing amongst. The most expensive fitting on *NeverSink* is an \$8 nylon cam cleat and that has been broken for ten years. *NeverSink* is a tall-rigged English middle class racing pram, the kind English guys build in their back gardens out of plywood over the winter and trailer behind their Mini Coopers or Ford Fiestas to the mole. They freeze their bums and barely stay upright racing out in the strong cold winds and chop off Portsmouth Dartmouth, Weymouth, or Poole. Then they talk over the day with a pint before heading home to the telly. Good lot of fun, not a comfortable Maine summer cocktail party set kind of vessel.

But our new old boat, technically a Drascombe Longboat Cruiser, was a different, larger, beast than *NeverSink*. Actually, the one way she was like *NeverSink* is that she lived on a trailer. I have a deep-seated psychological problem of significant proportions with boat trailers. Like all significant mental illness, I know it is rooted in my parents. My father, an Episcopal minister, spent long hours during my childhood showering the corroded electrics of his boat trailer with profanities. My own symptoms are clear. If I have a boat on a trailer I am incapable of crossing the boundary between having a car which cannot pull the boat to having a car which can pull the boat. Like a writer with writer's block, I am incapable of getting my boats to the water.

This goes back a long time. For years, when we arrived in Maine and dragged *NeverSink* out of the barn, I was stymied by how to get her to the water which, even though we were on an island, was a half-mile away.

Sometimes I puzzled over it for days, wasting precious sailing time with my wife looking at me sadly like I was a certifiable nut job. A few times the kids and I surreptitiously, late at night, walked the trailer downtown to the town dock and dumped the boat unceremoniously off the pier.

Remember, this is an island where the summer people have year-round caretakers who get their fleets in the water for them in time for the first sailing days of summer. You never see the Cabots or the Lamonts or the Pingrees wrestling with such problems. Finally I reached an uneasy agreement with a local guy who, when I arrived, would drag the boat over to Pulpit Harbor for me behind his pickup. But I never, for goodness sake, just got a trailer hitch for our car, like "hey, problem solved!"

So this was all repeated as I looked at my new boat in the driveway. I looked at my car, a Honda Accord, and thought a) I'm gonna need to get a trailer hitch and b) this boat is 10' longer than *NeverSink*, it looks pretty big. That thought stopped me dead in my tracks for many weeks. My neighbor, on the other hand, rushed out and got a trailer hitch for HIS car immediately, just to join in the excitement of having a boat in the community and, while I still had not even made the call to find out about getting a hitch, he even went on eBay and bought a cannon for the boat.

Thinking about my psychological barriers I guess I thought it was still a while until spring. I guess I thought I had spent a lot of money on the boat and I was scared of spending more money, which I didn't have. I guess I was really worried that this boat dwarfed the car. And I guess I knew it was not going to be tenable to march into the house and say, "honey, remember that boat we bought cheap for \$3,000? Well, we need to buy a \$25,000 car to tow it. Sorry!"

But to make a long story short, I did eventually go over to U-Haul and get a trailer hitch installed. It took two hours and cost only about \$150. When we put the boat trailer on the hitch it entirely overwhelmed the car, which dropped down onto its springs and stayed there threatening to break its axles if we drove an inch. I felt vindicated in my initial strategy of not even trying to get a trailer hitch but I still couldn't move the boat. In a further throwback to my psychological past the trailer lights didn't work either. I spent several weeks testing and twice completely replacing the lights and electrical system of the trailer, in the process borrowing heavily from my dad's, the Reverend, vocabulary.

Meanwhile my neighbor was looking over the back fence and wondering when he was going to get to try out his cannon. It was he who finally backed his car up to the boat, more than six months after it arrived in our driveway, and hauled it effortlessly down to the bay.

After my troubles on land, that first launch in a marina near Plum Point was a breeze. We rigged her, put lunch down below and the kids on board. As we motored away from the ramp I was finally happy and back in my element. We stopped at the gas dock on the way out to grab some hats, the only thing I'd forgotten, and to freshen up the gas for the outboard. Setting all sail we ghosted south along the beach under genny, main and mizzen. My neighbor, also finally happy, primed the cannon on the foredeck.

At about one bell of the forenoon watch we approached a cluster of shore dwellings in-

habited by some families we know. After calm deliberation, we fired a warning shot from our bow chaser, followed by another, then another. Seeing no sign of life from the cottages, we turned the cannon 45 degrees and let off the full roaring force of our broadside. In response our friend's golden retriever, Luke, wandered down to the beach and stood in the water barking vaguely in the direction of this mysterious apparition from the sea.

Dismayed by the lack of obeisance from the beach, all crew under 16, armed to the teeth with cutlasses and cudgels, were dispatched into the water whereupon they promptly stood up and waded ashore to storm the cottage. We stood offshore anxious for the safety of the shore party. Finally it became evident the crew had been overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers. We threw out a stern anchor, warped into the beach, hauled a kedge anchor up above the tide line and, leaving our able ship to fend for herself, leapt ashore. Cautiously approaching the enemy lair we peered in and found the whole crew happily eating pancakes and reading the new volume of Harry Potter.

As I poured on the syrup I looked down the strand toward my vessel, tugging at her lines and awaiting our return, the next leg of our voyage, and the next beat to quarters. All thoughts of tongue weights, hitches, and towing capacities vanished on the fair breeze. I knew that as long as we were afloat my psychological demons were safely at bay.

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On the ramp prepared to launch as Charlie awaits.

I mentioned in my report on Hobie's pedal power Revolution kayak in the November 15 issue that I might be trying out Hobie's Mirage Adventure Island kayak trimaran with auxiliary pedal power and now here I was out on local Chebacco Lake accompanied by friend Charlie in his 14' Old Town kayak with umbrella downwind sail rig. It was October 31, unseasonably warm and breezy, perhaps my last chance this season to see what Hobie hath wrought in a multihull. On this Wednesday so late in the season there were no others on the lake (about one-and-a-half miles long by variable width up to a half mile).

Along with the mild weather came a southwesterly breeze 15-20, gusting to 25, according to the Weather Channel. I doubted this as we launched at the ramp on the southern end of the lake, hard to tell as the wind shadows of the forested shorelines



Headed off downwind, sail is loose footed and not setting very well as I still have to come to grips with managing the rig.

Trying the Hobie Tri

By Bob Hicks

and the orientation of the several small bays created a random pattern from solid wind out in the open middle to no wind behind sheltering points.

The unloading from the rack on my pickup and the assembly of the tri went smoothly (see photo layout) and soon enough we were off on a run downwind to the far end of the lake. While Charlie's umbrella gives him quite good speed in a breeze downwind, the tri obviously soon pulled away and I did some reaching back and forth to not get too far ahead. Great fun to move right along without concern about getting overpowered in the strong breeze, the lee ama barely dipping into the water a couple of inches before stiffening up.

The real test would now be the upwind return trip. Charlie had no upwind sailing ability, obviously, so he resorted to paddling back along the more sheltered shoreline, seeking out the lees of the shoreline wherever possible. I would be tacking back and forth across the varying width of the lake. How did the Hobie point up? Not very high, it seemed to me. Each time I'd speed across the lake and back there'd be Charlie about where I'd make my next tack, slowly getting there. I was having a great time covering a lot of water. Tacking through the wind proved to be a no go as the tri would just stop in irons, but a couple of quick thrusts on the pedals would propel it right over onto the other tack, really handy.

The tri seemed to have an awfully heavy weather helm out in the open lake, keeping it pointing up until I was almost pinching (I've been guilty of that in all my limited sailing life) took a real grip on the tiny 8" long "tiller." It's the same "tiller" that steers the pedal powered models, sort of like a computer game joystick. And it is counter-intuitive to anyone who has sailed, for to turn left you turn it left. Obviously the rig is not aimed at the experienced sailor but at the non-sailing person who has always turned left to go left (unlike we contrary sailors).

When I decided I was pinching (sail beginning to vibrate) and tried to fall off, the tri would not fall off, I had to ease the sheet

before it would let go. When I mentioned this later to Joel (who loaned his shop demo to me for this outing) he pointed out that Hobie suggests in winds over 10-12 to reef the sail back to the top batten (it's a flat headed sail) and the tri will go faster easier. Without any concerns over too much heeling I, of course, kept the entire sail up and pulling and I guess the overpowering manifested itself in the heavy helm and reluctance to fall off. Also entering into the equation was my beginner level handling of the rig.

And so we labored on back to the ramp, I'd turn away from Charlie on another long tack and charge back in on him a bit later, both of us a bit further upwind. With the ramp within reach now I eschewed a last long tack across this widest part of the lake and furled the sail (it roller furls instantly) and switched over to pedal power to see how progress was into the wind and smallish chop this close to the sheltered end of the lake. As it was with my experience in the 14' Revolution (see November 15 issue) the tri just moved along almost effortlessly with my pedaling pace about at a normal walking pace. No problem, and it was a short trip to the ramp. Charlie worked a lot harder than I did getting back but I used an enormous area of the lake. But that's how it is sailing.

I felt the early signs of an addiction developing, this is a fun little boat with its versatility. It's not a really high performance kayak, nor a high performance multihull, but it's pretty good at both. The novel pedal power can be supplemented by, or substituted for if desired with, a conventional kayak paddle, there's plenty of room between the hull and the amas. I'd like one! I'd have a lot to learn but the learning would be fun indeed.

But there's that \$3,200 price tag. As today's outdoor toys go, not bad, much like a high end sea kayak or mountain bike, for example. If it were my only toy I'd go for it to be sure, but there are the bicycles and motorcycles and the Seda Tango double kayak. What Hobie offers in its range of pedal powered kayaks is a variety of well-engineered waterborne toys, the quality of the hardware, sail, and materials used is finest kind. The thinking behind the rigging and transportation ease shows lots of innovative solutions.

Again, my thanks go to Joel Thomas of New England Small Craft for this opportunity to try out this exciting and innovative small craft.



Aka sockets into ama and is held in place by bungee cord.

Transport balloon tired wheel set slips up into rear cargo deck drain holes nicely. The wheel set is an extra cost item.





When swung out into sailing position the akas are braced to hull by a diagonal brace pivoted on the aka, its spring loaded socket other end slips over ball joint mount on the deck.



Amas in place, hull on transport wheel set.

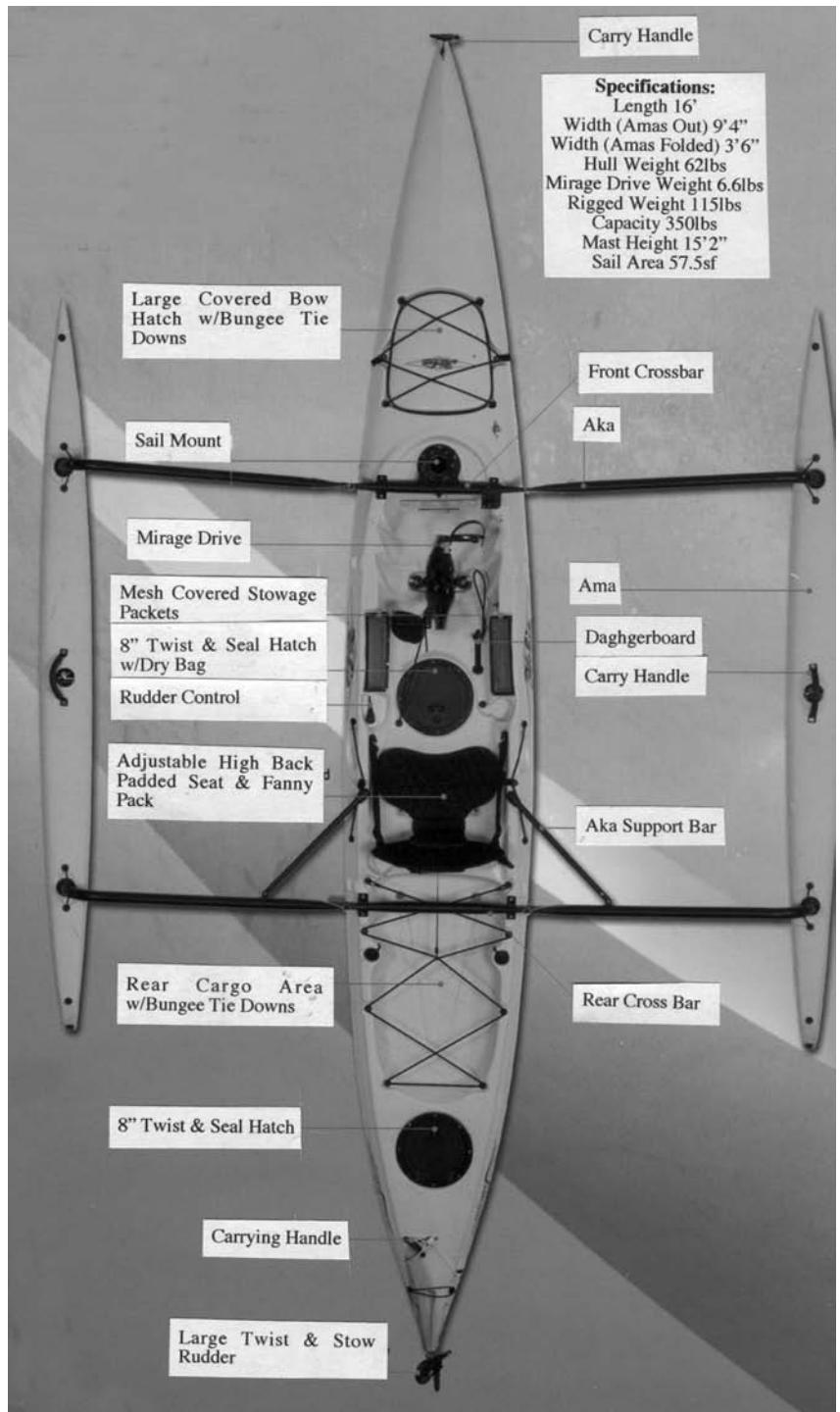


Furled sail on mast drops into socket in hull, it is held in place by a detent spring. The mainsheet wraps around sail after it is furled. Separate furling line wraps around spool portion of partner. Which remains in hull.

The Mirage drop in pedal drive unit is the same for all the Hobie kayaks. High performance "sails" (fins) are an option.



Trucktopping: With amas removed and akas folded back against the hull I can lift the front end over pickup body side so it reaches up to front saddle. Then I lift back end and swing it around and into rear saddle, then slide it forward to desired travel position in saddles. Thus I lift only half the weight at any one time. When loaded the amas and mast/rig rest in right hand set of saddles, hull in left hand set. Mirage drive, transport wheels, etc, go into truck bed.



The attached design concept, "The Small Punt," abbreviated to "tsp," hence "Teaspoon," is something a little out of the ordinary, at least to my knowledge. It may be of interest to others.

The goal was to design a minimum overnigher for two people within practically anyone's means and ability to build. Scarphs, curves, and complications were to be avoided. That meant it needed to be constructed within a 4'x8' plywood footprint using only straight cuts.

Within those construction constraints the boat had to provide privacy while going to the bathroom or changing into or out of a bathing suit, trailerability, overnight camping capability afloat or ashore with protection against rain and insects, safeguard against 180° capsiz, easy entry, and exit both on land and on water, adequate storage for a weekend for two, and enough stability to allow one to stand safely while afloat. Finally, Teaspoon had to have sufficient aesthetic appeal to allow one to claim ownership with, if not pride, at least without profuse embarrassment. Primary power was to be by electric trolling motor supplemented by oars and sail.

I am an admirer of Bolger and Michalak's slot top designs. The Bolger slot top concept is a brilliant compromise between cockpit and cabin, essentially combining the two but with a pronounced emphasis toward the cabin end of the equation. However, my wife is an open air cockpit aficionado and finds cabins make her seasick. Inspection of photos of Michalak's boats in use reveals operators are almost always perched outside the cabin on the short rear deck which makes me suspect she is not alone in her preferences. Consequently, Teaspoon's design, while incorporating the slot top, emphasizes the cockpit end of the design compromise.

Teaspoon uses the slot top to provide shade, flotation, storage, centering of crew weight, and the skeleton for a tent cabin. However, in the interest of avoiding claustrophobia, cabin sides are omitted except for the short forward house which contains the port-a-potti or substitute, provides a wind sheltered space for cooking, and gives protection from wind and spray coming from the bow. The slot top minus sides then extends from the forward house back to the stern providing protection from the sun but also the essential view of the sky and horizon. To my knowledge this was first done (minus the forward house) in Green Heron, successor to Moondance, designed by John Thompson, an industrial designer. He claims it works well.

When we eliminate the slot top's cabin sides we also eliminate their protection from swamping in the event of extreme heeling and capsiz, one of the slot top design's virtues. To compensate in Teaspoon flotation is provided along the hull sides, inside and out, but equally importantly and somewhat novel for a monohull, it is also placed in the slot top roof panels which are intended to be formed from three styrofoam sheets faced with plywood door skins. In consequence, each roof panel in effect becomes a foam outrigger should capsiz occur.

These roof panels, containing approximately 3½cf of flotation between them, multiplied by the 4½' righting arm, should provide almost 1000 pounds of righting moment making capsizing beyond 90 degrees; e.g., "turtling," if not impossible, at worst only a very temporary condition. Crew weight in combination with the weight of two batter-

Teaspoon

By Jeremy Eisler

ies securely fastened down under the seats, should make righting from 90 degrees a relatively easy proposition. Indeed, righting an open-sided boat like Teaspoon may be easier than righting a traditional slot top whose solid cabin once flooded may weigh too much to return to vertical without extensive bailing.

In one sense it is ludicrous to discuss seaworthiness, even relative seaworthiness, in connection with a boat as small as Teaspoon. However, given that weather and water conditions often change without warning, and that Teaspoon and other small boats are at greater risk of capsiz than larger craft, it makes sense to give thought to capsiz prevention and recovery.

A friend and I once rescued two fishermen whose 16' jon boat had been capsized and rolled completely over by a wave on a December fishing trip a mere quarter mile from shore in sheltered shallow waters. The jon boat, a national brand with Coast Guard certified flotation under the seats, didn't sink but it didn't float right side up either and the upside down outboard motor functioned like a ballast keel making righting it impossible, even from our 22' sailboat. In consequence the fishermen were in the last stages of hypothermia when we found them. Overhead flotation might well have prevented this accident.

The slot top roof panels also function as roof racks providing additional storage platforms for light items such as fishing rods, battens for tarp slot cover, binoculars, cameras, etc. Placing such items up top not only gets them out from underfoot but keeps them as far as possible from the water while still being ready to hand. The roof panels would also provide a perfect location for a solar battery charger should that be desired.

The slot top should also give one support and ensure that one's weight remains centered within the boat while standing to enter, stretch, pull on one's pants, retrieve stowed items, contemplate the horizon, cast a lure, or prospect for the channel over stands of marsh grass. This is an essential safety consideration if one is going to stand for even brief periods which, truth be told, is occasionally necessary to do, particularly if one is spending a whole weekend on the water. Swim noodles or fenders affixed along the sides should provide additional flotation and protection against tipping to permit such centerline standing so long as there are no large waves or deliberate attempts to tip the boat.

This is not pure speculation. A friend and I once built a Bolger Tortoise for our daughters but widened the beam six inches. We then added additional 6" foam sponsons just below the gunwales. So built, it was practically impossible to capsiz even with my 220 pounds cantilevered over the side. Teaspoon is 6" wider still, 18" longer, and ballasted with two marine batteries. It should be even more stable.

Additionally, the slot top provides a sturdy frame upon which to install screen sides and/or tarps should overnight camping be desired. Curved battens made from PVC can provide Conestoga-like full standing headroom over the slot if desired or a lower profile can be used in high winds. A sleeping flat 4' wide by 7' long can thereafter be cre-

ated by cockpit inserts, more than adequate space for two children, sufficient space for two adults as long as they are friendly, absolute luxury accommodation for the person cruising alone.

The forward cabin house allows bodily functions and attire changes to be performed in relative privacy by drawing curtains across the rear entrance and windows. This is an important amenity if one seriously expects to attract companionship of the opposite sex on even afternoon, much less weekend, excursions, or if one is simply using Teaspoon as a camper on a trailer in a crowded campground. The bench seat with port-a-potti under within the house is intended to slide, allowing proper trim regardless of crew weight and adjustable leg room.

While the 3' head clearance under the cabin roof is minimal, the slot top allows taller people the option of sitting on the centerline with unlimited headroom. Taller builders can easily elevate the roof a few inches if they wish at the cost of some simplicity.

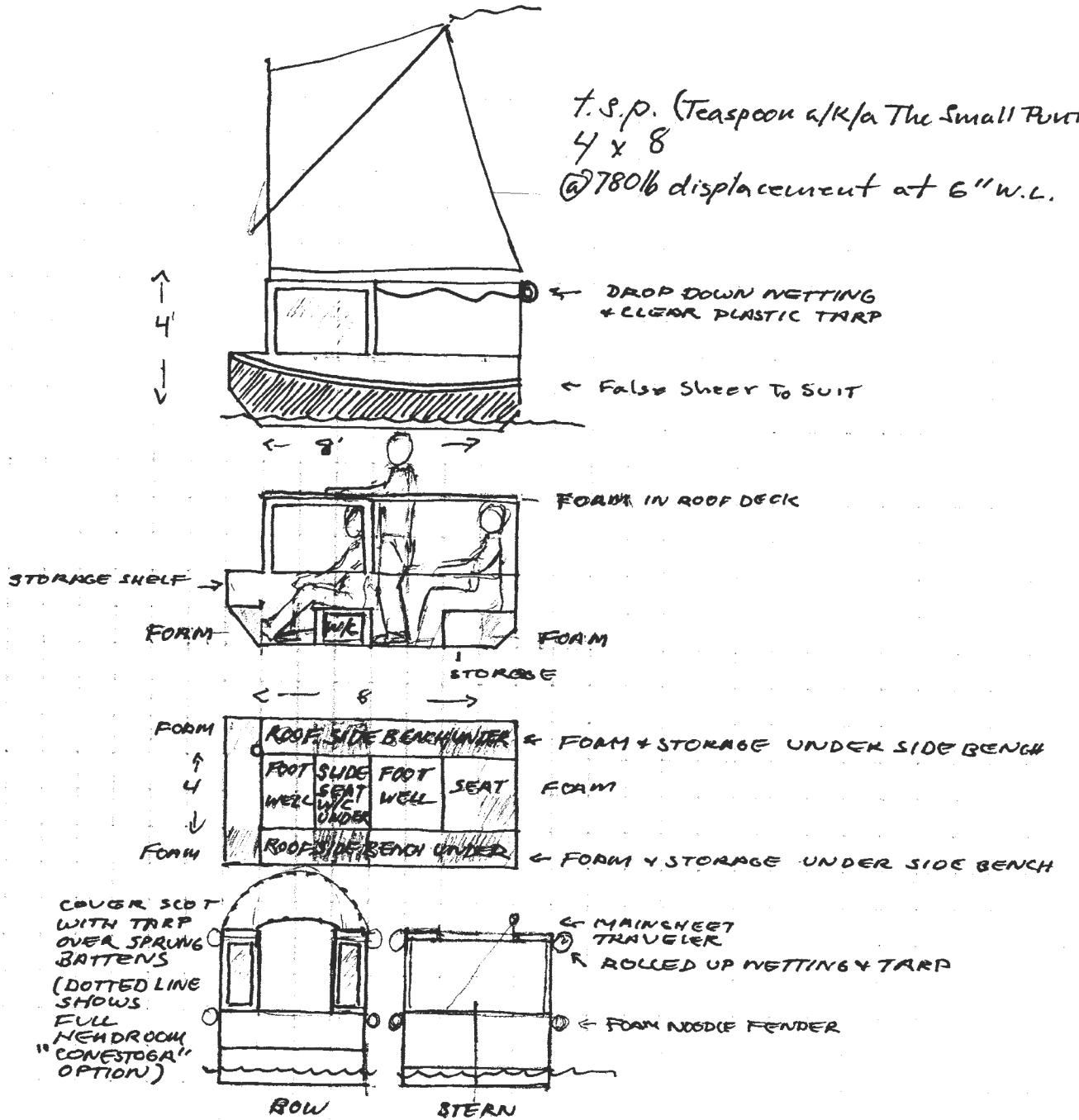
Just for fun I have shown a small sprit rig with 8' spars which could be made from oars if desired. As the slot top necessitates a higher boom than optimal, I would not use a rig with a higher center of effort or more sail area. In any event, for Teaspoon's intended use, an electric trolling motor or oars would be more sensible, not to mention cheaper and less complicated. With her flat bottom, inefficient rig, and the windage from her cabin and slot top Teaspoon will not be a good sailer. If all one wants is an emergency downwind rig, the slot top tarp cover tied off to the vertically mounted oars with a canoe paddle for a rudder, would work almost as well as the sprit rig shown.

Aesthetics are a personal matter, however. I think Teaspoon has a salty air, reminiscent of the shrimp trawlers which are ubiquitous here on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. Like Teaspoon they usually incorporate a small house with a plywood or fabric canopy over the cockpit for protection from the ferocious southern sun.

Tiny boat aficionados looking at Teaspoon will be reminded of Sleeper by Derek Van Loan and also John Thompson's Green Heron in addition to Michalak's Dock Box and IMB, and, of course, Bolger's Birdwatcher and Tortoise designs. All those boats are indeed in her conceptual family tree and will be preferable options for a variety of uses, particularly if one wishes to sail as opposed to row or motor or if one is headed for water larger than the bayous, slow moving rivers, small lakes, and backwaters for which Teaspoon is intended.

Nevertheless, Teaspoon's counter-claustrophobic open-sided slot top, with its protection against turtling, capacity to convert into a substantial tented cover, and provision for privacy, is something a little different and for some purposes may be preferable.

Obviously Teaspoon will not be an appropriate boat for unprotected waters nor is it going to safely hold more than two adults and possibly a small child. Think of it rather as a floating pup tent, a minimal weekend retreat for small adventures affording comfort and amusement out of all proportion to its size and cost.



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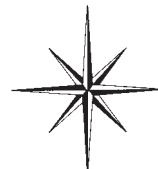
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COMPASS ROSE REVIEW

"Views and Reviews from the Coast of Maine"

Building the Wee Penny Canoe

By Perry Kratsas

Welcome to the world of tranquility of paddling a canoe in a placid lagoon on some remote waterway. This joy can be attained simply by building yourself a Wee Penny Canoe, which is light enough to handle alone.

The Wee Penny Canoe is a solo canoe with ample volume for two. It is built with $\frac{1}{8}$ " 4'x8' sheets of lauan door skin plywood, which is probably the lowest priced plywood available. The Wee Penny Canoe has the true shape of a birch bark canoe but is built of modern composite materials; plywood, epoxy, and fiberglass. It is one of the simplest boats that can be built.

Herewith a photo essay on the building of the Wee Penny. My 17-page detailed building instruction manual with drawings and photos is available from me for \$25.

Perry G. Kratsas, 915 S Hillcrest Ave, Clearwater, FL 33756



Drawing the shape of the canoe.



Gluing the floorboard to a canoe panel.



Spacing the holes for the stitching.



The cutout of a canoe panel.

The canoe grid to which the canoe is shaped.

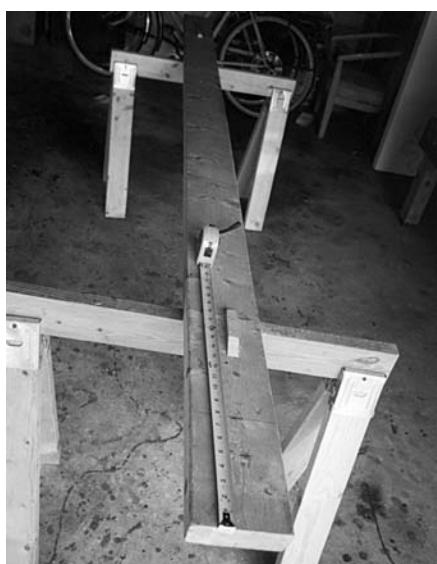


Trimming the canoe grid.



Drilling the hole for the foam flotation to be plugged with a shiny new penny, hence the "Wee Penny" canoe.

The 2"x6" backbone on which the canoe is built.



The temporary 2"x4" which is screwed to the 2"x6" backbone to control the bottom rocker.



Bow and stern before installation of the grid.



Bowing the grid with a Spanish windlass to fit the bow and stern sections.



Taping the bottoms of the bow and stern sections to be filled with epoxy.

Bringing up the panels to the grid to shape the canoe.





Cutting out the panels where they overlap at the gunwale.



Fiberglass tape to fit the curves of the bow and stern sections.



Holding panels in shape with strips of wood that span the seams.



The bulkhead for the bow and stern sections that hold the foam flotation, and the paddle blades.

Fiberglass taping the inside seams.



The outside seams ready to be taped and fiberglassed. They form an I-beam rib with the seam and outside tape,



The inwale grid is reinforced with fiberglass cloth epoxied to the thwarts.



The hull without the outwales.



The outwale, together with the inwale, form the gunwale.



Ready to be fiberglassed.



Draping the stems with two layers of fiberglass cloth to add to the taping on the inside and outside seams.



Fiberglassing.

The finished canoe.



On the Docks at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum

The museum fleet was in during the Festival docked by the Museum's trademark lighthouse. An interesting mix of Skipjacks and powerboats. Note the size of that engine in the Skipjack's yawl boat!

Photos by Dick Hamly



And in the Boatshed

That looks like a Delaware Ducker on the left to me. The unfinished lapstrake skiff on the right is apparently the current project being built in the Museum's "Apprentice for a Day" program. The sign to its left explains how to take part working on a traditional boat building project with a skilled professional mentor.





"OK, we're ready. Go ahead and crack the faucet." Ben takes a couple of turns on the red handle. Propane torches roar their energy, heating the drain pipe to 750 degrees. At first, nothing. Ben takes a few more turns on the handle. Suddenly it gives way, 2,300 pounds of molten lead gush from the spigot and pour into the form below, splashing against the sides and along the bottom. It fills quickly as the cascade of metal hardens on contact with the ceramic cloth and the reservoir of lead begins to form into a keel. Within ten minutes the pour begins to flow over the top edges of the form, spilling onto the ground and creating dense pools along the sides of the mold. Ben closes the faucet and, as the last drops make their descent, the surface of the lead ripples subtly in the afternoon breeze as it slowly solidifies into the keel of *Blue Moon*, the latest Apprenticeshop commission.

I first heard about *Blue Moon*, a 22' Thomas Gillmer design yawl, when I was a starry-eyed apprentice. Nate Carabello, in the tradition of all good and experienced apprentices, began telling me about how he got into wooden boats. "It was *Blue Moon*," I recall him saying. "I saw her, fell in love with wooden boats, and knew that I needed to learn how to build them."

Now, with the actual construction of Nate's daydream, our conversation has come to fruition in a sense and I am reminded of how unique we are in the world of boat building and education. Our "curriculum" is diversity

Moon Phases

By Meredith Currier
Apprenticeshop Programs Director
Reprinted from *The Apprentice*,
Newsletter of Atlantic Challenge

of design and custom construction of vessels that require high levels of craftsmanship. As a passionate beginner making your foray into the world of wooden boats you get the opportunity not only to cut your teeth on a rote project but also to build "the stuff of dreams" which will challenge, frustrate, and reward you beyond anything you can foresee.

As *Blue Moon* takes shape, her assembled white oak backbone standing 7' high, 6" thick and her laminated spruce mast lying at 37' along the floor, she has already challenged the apprentices to perform joinery to exacting detail. Ellery spent a good deal of one week standing atop the stem with an adze, patiently chopping away extraneous wood to reveal the scallop. Ben has holed up in our newly organized metal machining area to hand cut bronze rod into the bolts needed to fasten her together. Each piece is custom made at the hands of the apprentices as they build, not to the industrial model of efficiency and quantity, but to the artisanal model of skill and quality.

There are pitfalls to this approach. Anything that sounds this romantic will, of course,

have drawbacks. There is nothing predictable about the projects that apprentices will encounter, this is both a unique boon (for apprentices) and a constant challenge (for those of us who remain in search of the next design to build). We rely on clients to purchase our vessels as much as we rely on apprentices and instructors to build them. The ideal moment is a confluence of philosophy and product. And so the dance of finding boats and builders continues, but for now we have our enchanting boat commission for the winter which will draw knowledgeable builders and passing sidewalk superintendents alike to see our progress.

Here she stands, the silhouette of a backbone, ballast keel and timber bolted and ready for the rest of her ribs. More than a vessel, though, she's another beginning, but also a continuation. She's the next boat in a long tradition of custom commissions at the 'Shop, lending her diversity to our collective portfolio and her details to our apprentices for their education and growth.

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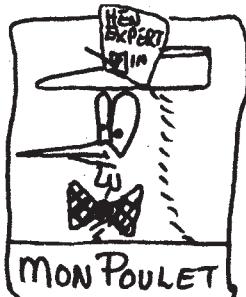
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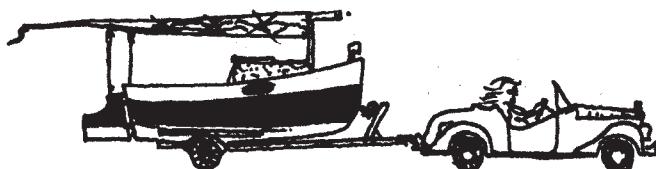
Twenty years ago Reuben Trane's Florida Bay Boat Company ran a series of cartoon ads in *Small Boat Journal* extolling the merits of his line of Hens: Peep Hen, Mud Hen, Bay Hen, and Sand Hen, sharpie-styled compact cruising sailboats that had all the charms of a Volkswagen camper. A couple of years ago reader Harry Hershey sent me a collection of the ads clipped from *SBJ* stating, "This crazy stuff has been in my files for years... maybe you can use it?" They just turned up in a file clean-up here and I thought I'd share some of them with you from time to time. Sadly, Reuben is no longer with us and his company no longer exists as far as I know, but his little boats continue to be enjoyed by those who fell for his whimsy as a designer and ad copywriter.



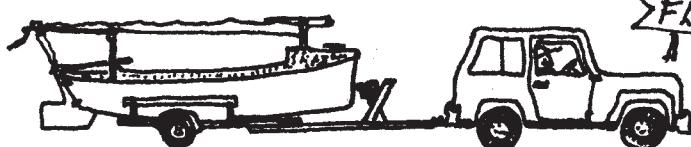
HEN NEWS



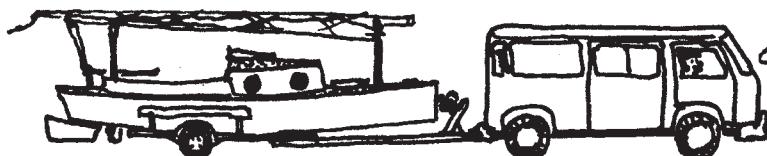
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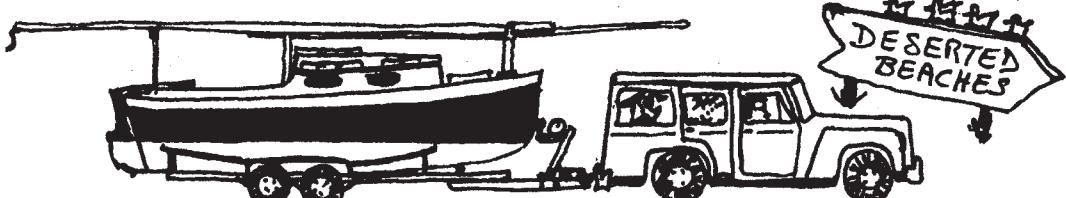
14' PEEP HEN - Micro-Cruiser for 2 ~ 800 lbs.



17' MUD HEN - Practical Daysailor - 650 lbs.



21' BAY HEN - Ultimate Gunkholer - 900 lbs.



24' SAND HEN - Family Coastal Cruiser - 4000 lbs.

TO ORDER YOUR CHICKEN TO GO, CONTACT YOUR HEN DEALER.

The first thing every NASCAR winner does after he wipes the champagne out of his eyes is to thank his team and pit crew. Following his recovery, David Letterman brought his heart surgeon on the show to personally thank him in front of millions of viewers. Famous people everywhere routinely thank their mentors for helping them get where they are. The list goes on and on, and then there are the boat slobs.

So why am I so aggravated? It happened when I got the latest issue of *Classic Boating* and noticed that a boat that John and I had restored several years ago was on the cover. The article which accompanied a great photo spread was written by the new owner of the boat who had purchased her from the people we did the restoration for. Instead of giving us the credit due for a spectacular and difficult restoration, he only indicated that the boat had been restored by "someone in New England" and that the broker who sold him the boat "couldn't remember who." The credit for getting the boat looking as good as she does in the photos went to his own local boatyard which, as far as we can tell, only added a couple coats of varnish and bottom paint.

In the film industry I understand that sometimes vendors who are trying to make a name for themselves prefer to work for a credit rather than money. When an antique boat is used in a photo shoot, if the photographer, model, or the magazine is prestigious enough, probably the boat owner will be offered a credit instead of payment. Credits are valuable and certainly are the best advertising that a restoration shop can have. To work several years on a project, do a beautiful job, and get no credit whatsoever is a real setback for a shop which lives or dies on its reputation.

This is not the first time that a restoration of ours has been attributed to someone else but in other cases they were honest mistakes. In this most recent matter, the broker who "couldn't remember who" knew exactly who to call every time he needed information about the boat. When the sale to the new owner was made there were some important original parts that we had here for safe keeping. Rather than looking "somewhere in New England" the new owner knew exactly where to send his man. Graciously, I thought, I loaned him photos taken during the restoration. One of the boat upside down with the bottom off taken in 1999 was passed on to *Classic Boat-*

Boat Slobs

By Boyd Mefferd

ing without my permission and re-dated (by ten years) as taken in the "late 1980s." The author of the article apparently wanted to support his claim that the boat had somehow been "lost" and miraculously "found" through his brilliant searching of the internet.

How someone can go from not knowing how a boat got restored to having photos of the restoration and supposedly knowing when it was done raises, to put it politely, credibility issues. Our only previous contact with the owner/author was our turning down his offer made several years earlier on another boat. Could he have had such a difficult time getting over that rejection that he deliberately changed the facts enough to eliminate our responsibility for the total restoration?

Or is he so deeply into the rat race that he can not understand that the good restorers view each other as colleagues, for the most part, and not competitors? We actually admire the wonderful jobs other shops do. May-be he feels that the simple mention of anyone other than his favorite shop that takes care of his boats is somehow disloyal? I really don't know why someone would deliberately deny credit and mislead the readers.

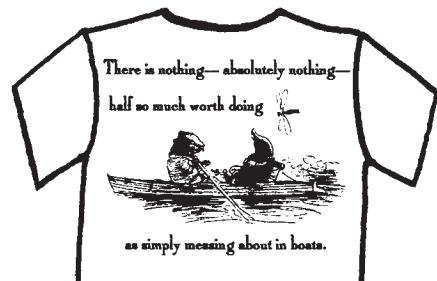
Maybe this owner/author thought that we had been paid for the job and what more did we deserve? True, we were paid generously by the nice people whom we worked for, the same people who subsequently sold to him at a substantial loss. If you are making sneakers in a factory in China, maybe being paid is all you expect. If you are finding boats, finding wood, and making it all come out right, it seems like a lot more than making sneakers. For instance, John made more than 50 pieces for the windshield alone. To not recognize artistry when it is right in front of you is one trait of a slob.

My tolerance for boat slobs, those who lack the grace to say thank you, is low. Several years ago I refunded the money a customer had spent on the restoration of our 21' Cobra because he was well on his way to becoming a boat slob, ignoring the fantastic job that

John had done on the boat and instead wanting to focus on the deadline we had not met. If you don't appreciate beautiful things, in my opinion you don't deserve to own them. Unfortunately, the world doesn't work that way and if you can afford it, you can have it, whether you have much appreciation or not.

Fortunately so far there is more than enough work to go around and people like myself can work for those who appreciate what we do. When someone like Mickey the Chrome Buddy or George and Nancy Hicks, the upholstery masters, surpass their level of artistry I can give them the credit they so richly deserve. When people make it look easy, something inside should tell you that it isn't. Part of the fun of being in antique boating is seeing things that are almost lost come back to life through incredible talent. I'm not about to let one unappreciative slob ruin my day, but I am glad to have an opportunity to tell my side of the story.

(Boyd Mefferd has been in business restoring antique boats for 30 years in Connecticut.)



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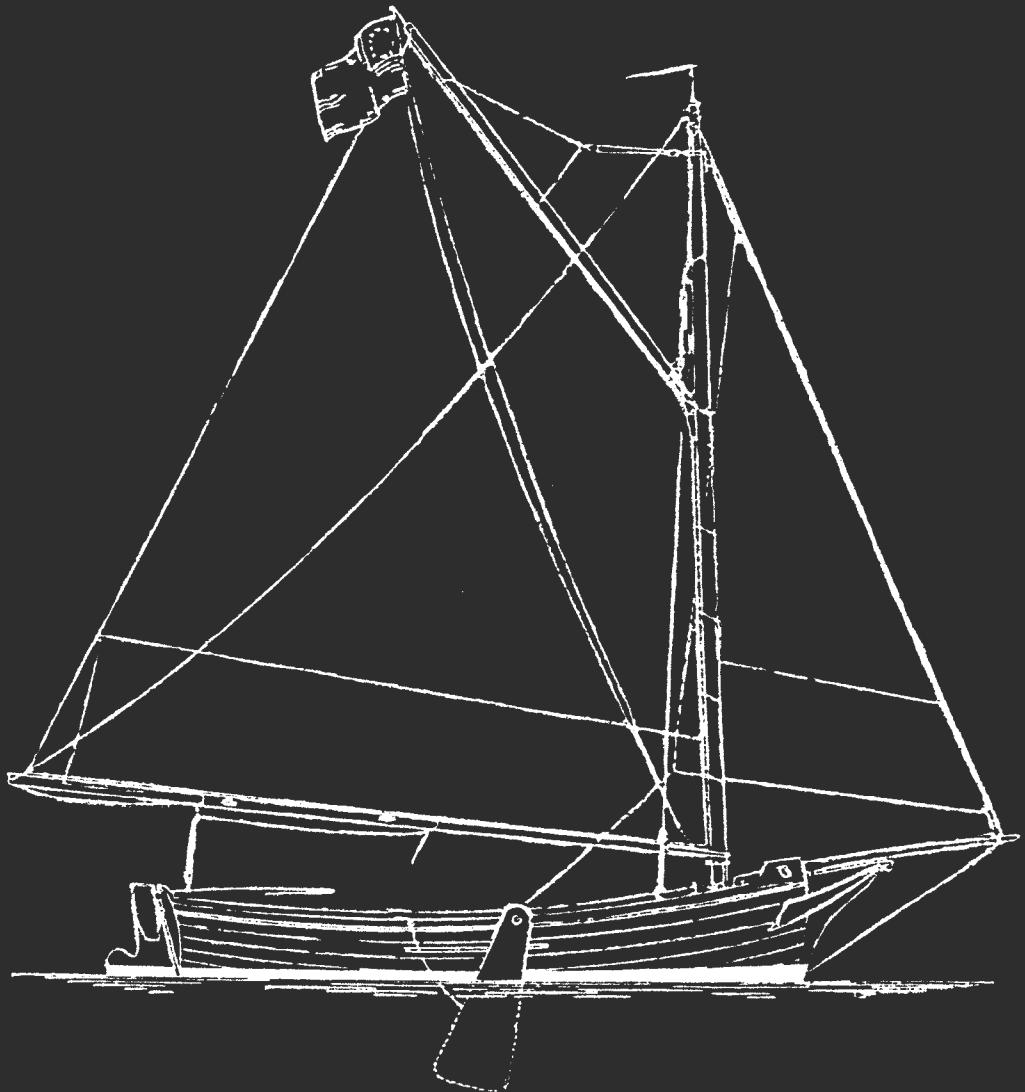
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A Little Dreamboat from Yesteryear

★ ★ POCAHONTAS ★ ★

25 Years
Ago in
MAIB

Profile and sail plan of 12-foot gaff-rigged sloop Pocahontas. With billet-head, trailboards, lee-boards and carvings, her design is reminiscent of the colorful craft of an earlier day. She is planked with teak, has a displacement of 1,400 pounds, and carries a total of 151 square feet of sail in a gaff rig.



POCAHONTAS

A TWELVE-FOOT SLOOP OF EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST

Designed especially for MoToR BOATING by William Atkin

An unusual little hooker with romance and character in her design

Length, over all, 12 feet 7 inches • Length, waterline, 12 feet 0 inches

Breadth, 5 feet 0 inches • Draft, 1 foot 4 inches

Freeboard, bow, 1 foot 11½ inches • Freeboard, least, 1 foot ½ inch

Freeboard, stern, 1 foot 5½ inches • Displacement, 1400 pounds

Sail area, total, 151 square feet • Approximate cost, materials only, \$550

If a \$1,800,000 dreamboat like the *Spirit of Massachusetts* is out of your scale of things, you might find this little dreamboat *Pocahontas* more to your liking. She's only 12' long but is some boat indeed.

Pocahontas was designed by William Atkins in 1957 for *Motor Boating & Sailing* magazine's ongoing series of plans for boats readers could build. Atkin is quoted in that series as describing this craft as "an unusual little hooker with romance and character in her design."

Some boat. Despite that 12'7" LOA she displaces 1400lbs and carries 151sf of sail in

a gaff rig. She carries 400lbs of inside ballast to keep her on her feet under that spread of sail. Her lines are those of a "fat little hooker with very firm bilges, full level and water lines, powerful buttock lines, and diagonals of similar character. These well-balanced features assure a well behaved boat, an able, stiff, dry, weatherly, comfortable, fast, and safe open boat."

Atkin comments that *Pocahontas* is similar to Captain Bligh's launch which carried him and his non-mutinied crew several thousand miles over the Pacific. That launch was about 20' LOA though.

Well, in 1957 Atkin suggested that this boat be built from teak. He estimates a materials cost of about \$550! This is in 1957, remember, not 1983. We were born too late. Atkin yet does remark, "Teak is the best of all woods for small boat building. It is, however, expensive; therefore, if the pocketbook must be stretched, use white oak, yellow pine, or cypress."

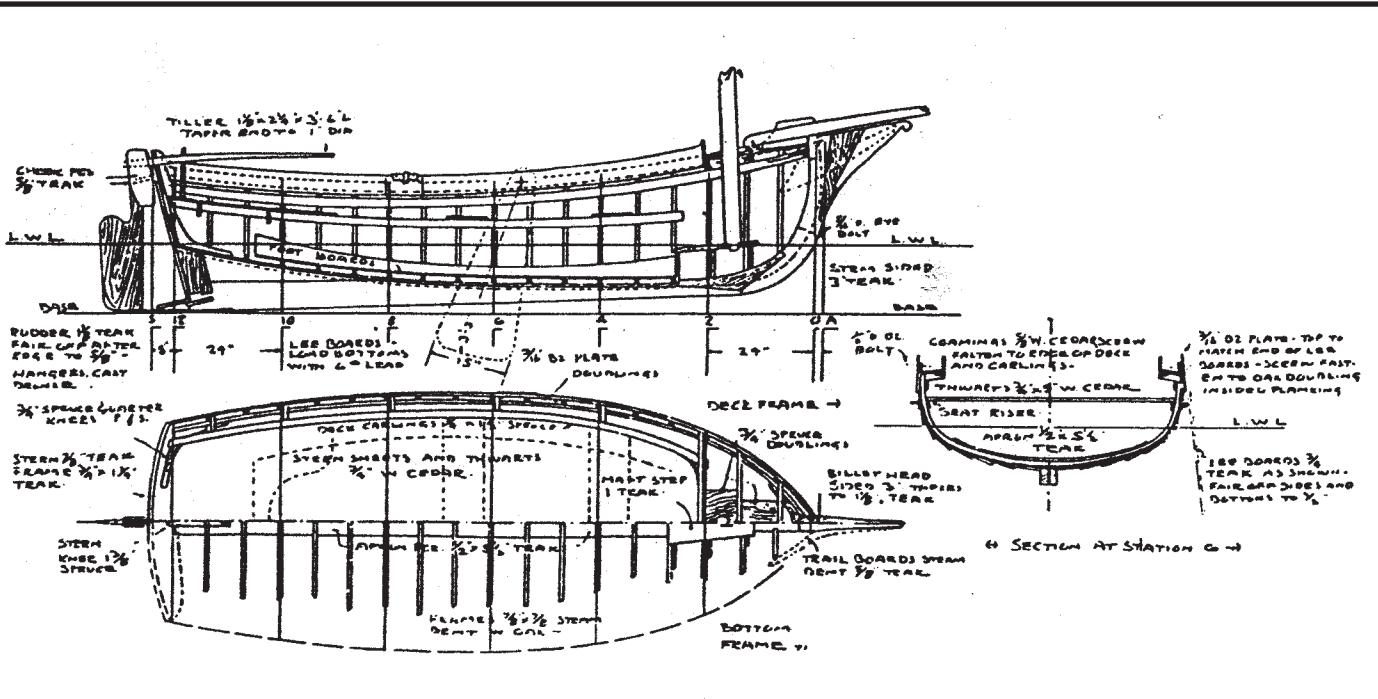
The large rig is carried on a 17' mainmast with a 13'8" boom and a 9'2" gaff. The jib is loose-footed and hung out an a 5'8" bowsprit. You begin to see how a 12' long boat can become so large in appearance. Atkin notes that the spars permit easy removal for trailering.

Atkin defends the use of leeboards as providing much more interior space for sailing or rowing the boat (Phil Bolger is a similar advocate of leeboards today).

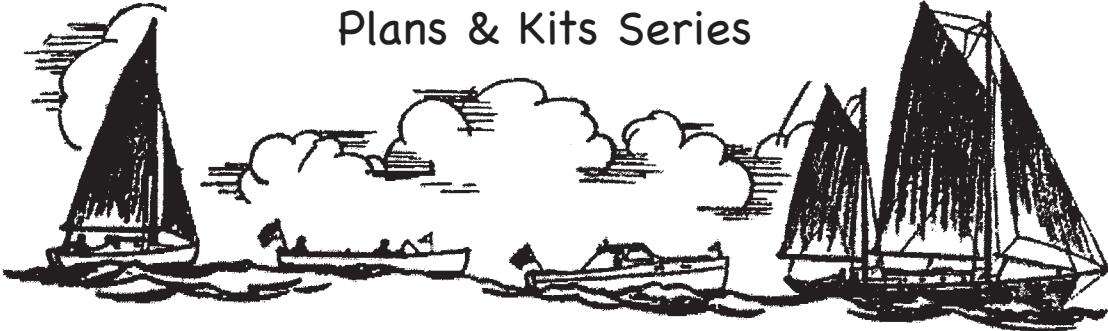
Teak. I can't help it. As I read the article I see, "The keel is made from teak, sided 3½" ... the stem is teak, sided 3", molded 4" ... the strakes are single lengths of 7/16" thick teak..." Born too late!

The article reprint is an invaluable asset to go with the plans for anyone undertaking to build this boat, or any of those in the catalog. The designer offers detailed comment on construction details and materials alternatives (he did say that teak was expensive). Also, there is that really nice writing style of one enthusiast to another. Atkin wraps his comments on *Pocahontas* thusly:

"It may be of interest to mention that Bill Rowe of Wheaton, Maryland, is the owner of the 12' gaff-headed sloop. He feels that she is ideal for use on the Chesapeake Bay and its many alluring backwaters. *Pocahontas* is a wonderful picnic boat, a perfect fun boat, has character, and, happily, is pleasing to look at."



Construction drawings indicate what a substantial little craft *Pocahontas* is. Much of the material used is teak.



Plans & Kits Series

A Designer's Philosophy

By John Atkin

I am not keen about the term "character boat," the original heading for the type of design to be discussed here, because it's been my observation that most any weird creation is likely to be placed in this category. I suspect that people who refer to character boats are often making the distinction between traditional cruising vessels and racing boats.

While we have seen great changes in all forms of endeavor these past 30 years, the transitions throughout the yachting field have been tremendous. Though I don't necessarily like all boats, I have a deep appreciation of virtually all of them, from the latest so-called "cruiser-racer" (or is it "racer-cruiser"?), developed to beat CCA rules, to the high-speed powerboats of Miami-Nassau fame, all have admirable ability in fulfilling their intended purpose.

But there are other purposes, those especially of the people for whom I do design work. My observation is that owners of traditional cruising boats are fundamentally genuine, sincere, quiet gentlemen from all walks of life. Their most predominant characteristic would be individuality, a trait that is apparently fading in this great corporate land in which we live.

These people do not base their existence on efficiency or the need to win races. Their aim appears to be incorporating the best that has been proven in the past, tradition, in a word, for use in the present. They aim at creating a yacht, power or sail, which combines comfort and the ability to behave, to take care of herself and her crew with a minimum of effort under all, or very nearly all, conditions.

As my friend Dean Stephens writes regarding his *Charity* (built from the designs of the 33' *Jonquil*, one of *MoToR BoatinG*'s family of able boats), "Sometimes her skipper wasn't too efficient, but she took care of us just the same. There is much to be said for a forgiving vessel when the going gets so rough the crew has exhausted their experience and can't think of what to do next."

Just such a boat is the 34' gaff-rigged cutter *Vixen*, designed by my father and me several years ago. Built by Joel Johnson at Black Rock, Connecticut, she represents what I consider to be a wholesome, offshore vessel developed for her intended purpose, in this case, to carry Jim Stark and his wife Jeanne safely and comfortably around the world. The low-aspect gaff rig is, in my opinion, well suited for long passages, twin staysails provided her with the ability to run with ease and safety.

Herman Hollerith has owned his 32' double-ended ketch since 1927 when she was built from designs by my father. That is the

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Individualized Designs For
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Established 1906

The name Atkin has long been associated with the best in basic boats. If you are looking for "the right little boat" to build, or have built, or if you just like to dream over boat plans, you'll be delighted with the design collections of John (1918-1999) and William (1882-1962) Atkin, now being sold by John's widow Pat Atkin.

Having provided three generations with practical, well-proven designs our catalog offers more than 300 designs including famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. Many of the designs represent great simplicity and make excellent projects for amateur builders. Superbly drawn study plans, usually copies of the original "how-to-build" magazine articles by William or John Atkin, will help you choose the boat best suited to your level of boatbuilding skill.

Complete designs include the lines; table of offsets; construction plan elevation and sections; arrangement plan elevation and sections; sail plan (or outboard profile); deck plan and numerous details as required. Scantlings are lettered on the working drawings. Also included are Xerox prints of the original "how-to-build" text as it appeared in the *MoToR BoatinG* magazine articles written by Billy and John John Atkin. All designs require lofting before building.

These plans contain all the information necessary for an amateur to successfully build a boat, but the plans assume the builder has some familiarity with boat construction and the use of tools. **Please Do Not Stray** from the plans and modify your Atkin boat. If you cannot resist the urge to second guess John or William Atkin you do so at your own risk; the boat will no longer be an Atkin design and Atkin & Co. will take no responsibility for its performance. Just follow Billy Atkin's advice: "Now do not be tempted to pull the ends out, raise the sheer heights, swoop up the bow or stern, or do the many things a boat plan always impels one to do. Just put this boat together and see how well she performs."

Unless otherwise specified, construction is traditional plank on frame. Most of the flat-bottom boats can easily be converted to plywood planking. V-bottoms with straight sections may look like plywood will wrap easily around them, but in reality, V-bottoms not specifically designed for sheet plywood may be very difficult, or impossible, to plank with plywood sheets.

Atkin Boat Plans, PO Box 3005A, Noroton, CT 06820, www.atkinboatplans.com

kind of man who buys and owns, these past 43 years, a traditional cruising boat. Interestingly enough, on the other hand, many of the people coming to the office are young men with their views on what constitutes a traditional yacht already established.

The owner of a traditional cruising yacht, one designed with offshore cruising ability foremost in mind, and without any regard for racing, may expect dependability, fewer stresses (thus, less gear failure), seaworthiness, security, greater sea-kindliness (ease of motion), and overall ease of handling, including the boat's ability to sail herself. In return, the traditional cruiser may perhaps have to give up the ability to ghost along in light airs or possibly the ability to work to windward (which in most instances means winning races). Efficiency, as it concerns racing, a mantel of silver cups, and the prestige of winning are foregone.

The cruising man with a traditional yacht will also "give up" the tremendous cost of competition; the huge sail inventory, trim tabs, the retractable rudders, the coffee-grinder winches, and all the super-refinements incorporated into contemporary racing boats. He will, as well, give up the need for a low rating in his effort to obtain comfort. Nothing, in my opinion, conflicts more directly with sea-keeping ability than the continued striving for low ratings and this has always been so.

Turning to traditional powerboats, the wholesome, displacement cruising boat will be considerably less expensive to operate. Quite obviously, a vessel built with a modest power plant (and proceeding, to be sure, at a slower speed) will not begin to gulp the fuel of her higher-horsepowered sisters. The traditional displacement cruiser will be a far better sea boat, far more comfortable in a seaway, than the higher-speed power boat. While the modern powerboat is an outstanding development in all respects, the search for a combination of high speed and true sea-keeping ability, while retaining comfort and safe operation, has (in my opinion) a long way to go. There is little doubt that electric toilets, hot pressure water, air conditioning, elaborate electronic gear, and technological developments improve our standard of living, afloat and ashore, but all these refinements tend to create additional problems.

To my way of thinking, simplicity afloat makes life aboard more rewarding and considerably less expensive. I like the traditional boat's simplicity, her ease of handling, comfort, sea-keeping ability, performance, and her grace as well. Our popular little *Martha Green* may serve as a case in point. Her arrangement plan provides a pair of built-in berths in the fore part of the hull with good sitting headroom at their aft portions. There is an ample galley to starboard with a bureau at its forward

end facing a large, shelf-top hanging locker. The enclosed toilet room, aft of the hanging locker, is some 3½' long, and there is 5'11" headroom beneath the house top beams.

The open cockpit, with its partial standing top, is a delightful place to spend an afternoon in the company of shipmates. Under the flush deck is a smallish gasoline engine driving through a 2:1 reduction gear, urging *Martha Green* along at 8mph cruising and 10mph going all out. Gasoline consumption is somewhat under a gallon per hour.

Beauty being a personal matter, I realize that the grace of the true cruising boat is a matter of opinion, but rowing ashore, looking over the stem of the dink, it's very pleasing to see an able, capable vessel with a springy sheer, of handsome proportions all in keeping with the sea. The deep bulwark rails, wide decks, stout standing rigging, strong deck-houses, and heavy proportions of the traditional cruising boat have great appeal for me. The security, the ableness, the ability to stand up to the elements, all have great appeal for me. And the balanced nature of a traditional rig, to be handled by one man when necessary, seems to me a great advantage.

I haven't designed my favorite boat yet, perhaps I never will. It is fun to dream... fun to contemplate. At the moment, I have in mind a 26' day powerboat rather like the 16' *Tanja* in *MotoR BoatinG*'s design family. She has a round bilge form, small cuddy forward, large cockpit, and lobsterman's steadyng sail. She is relatively narrow, a true displacement hull powered by a slow-turning gasoline engine. A fun boat, I don't know how many people do things for fun any more but my clients and I are among them.

I like virtually all yachts and boats. I greatly admire the creative thinking that is involved in producing a winning sailing yacht after the nature of German Frer's outstanding *Bumblebee*. I also admire the thought and development of a handsome Bertram power yacht. These are, in my view, fine contributions to the art and science of yacht design. Anyone who unkindly refers to an air-conditioned Bertram or Hatteras, for example, with all of its conveniences and complications as a "gin palace" is mistaken. They are, in fact, examples of a combination of fine yacht design and contemporary engineering. And while I must admit to having a strong aversion to yacht designs influenced by the IOR rule, there is no denying that a *Bumblebee* represents a particularly strong, able, and handsome, as well as fast, racing yacht. Who cannot help but admire such yachts?

Understand, my thinking does not indicate that I have any desire to own such a yacht, or yachts. I have a far greater appreciation for wholesome small boats I can identify with, a lovely 26' displacement power launch, a well-conceived 39' cruising auxiliary, a handsome little catboat, a nicely proportioned pulling boat, and boats of the nature of *James Samuel* whose design is shown in these pages.

I have always made every effort to encourage our clients to maintain simplicity in the designs we have prepared these past many years. It is apparent, however, that there is a great fascination in "going fast," both in sailing and power boats.

The sea is to be respected. The behavior of the sea and the basic intelligence of people remain. It is my purpose to incorporate a proper proportion of what I feel finds popular acceptance in today's market with the basic fundamentals of wholesome design principles.

The Sea Remains the Same

The Atkin Legacy

By Daniel Mac Naughton

I once had dinner with John and Pat Atkin at their yacht club on Long Island Sound. It was a stormy evening with thunderstorms that forced us off the broad lawn and into the building. For a while we stood on the veranda and watched the rain-filled squalls burst out of the yellow western sky and rush off across the water into the distance, beyond which lay the lights of Long Island, first visible, and then not.

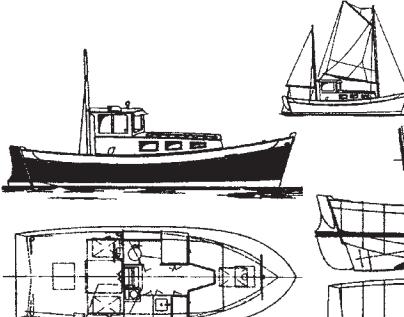
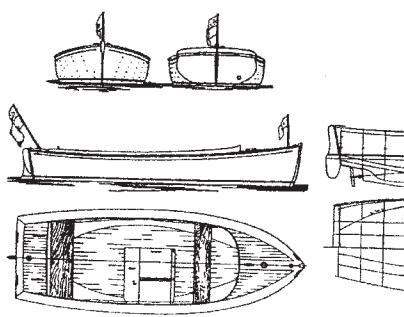
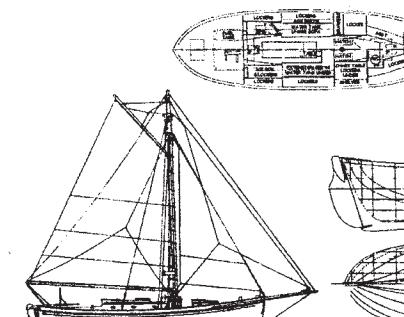
"William Atkin is out there," said John suddenly. "It's where he wanted to be." It was literally true, for William's ashes were scattered in the Sound, according to his wishes, but I also realized that when John looked out at this familiar water he saw and felt a great deal more than the rest of us there that evening, a world in boats spanning most of the 20th century which his father and he had savored in every small detail, and furthermore served to create in many unique and graceful ways the memories of which they worked to illustrate and protect while helping others to get out of it some of the same joy that they felt.

John passed away in November 1999. He said in the introduction to a design catalog, "Following in the course so well covered over the many years of Billy Atkin has not always been easy. But I appreciate the heritage he left me, as well as the many friends and clients the world over.

And Shipmate, never forget "the sea remains the same."



KATYDIDN'T

 <p>MARTHA GREEN John Atkin Skipjack Powerboat</p> <table border="0"> <tbody> <tr> <td>LOA</td> <td>24'</td> </tr> <tr> <td>LWL</td> <td>21' 6"</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Beam</td> <td>8' 4"</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Draft</td> <td>2' 11"</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Disp.</td> <td>-</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ballast</td> <td>550# keel 1,000# inside</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Planking</td> <td>Diagonal/ Carvel</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sail Area</td> <td>130 sq. ft.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Power</td> <td>25 hp.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Speed</td> <td>9 - 10 mph.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Plan Price</td> <td>\$65</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>	LOA	24'	LWL	21' 6"	Beam	8' 4"	Draft	2' 11"	Disp.	-	Ballast	550# keel 1,000# inside	Planking	Diagonal/ Carvel	Sail Area	130 sq. ft.	Power	25 hp.	Speed	9 - 10 mph.	Plan Price	\$65	 <p>TANJA William & John Atkin Utility</p> <table border="0"> <tbody> <tr> <td>LOA</td> <td>16' 10"</td> </tr> <tr> <td>LWL</td> <td>16'</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Beam</td> <td>6' 4"</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Draft</td> <td>1' 8"</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Disp.</td> <td>-</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ballast</td> <td>-</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Planking</td> <td>Carvel</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sail Area</td> <td>-</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Power</td> <td>5 hp.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Speed</td> <td>7 mph.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Plan Price</td> <td>\$75</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>	LOA	16' 10"	LWL	16'	Beam	6' 4"	Draft	1' 8"	Disp.	-	Ballast	-	Planking	Carvel	Sail Area	-	Power	5 hp.	Speed	7 mph.	Plan Price	\$75	 <p>VIXEN William & John Atkin Double-Ended Cutter</p> <table border="0"> <tbody> <tr> <td>LOA</td> <td>34' 7"</td> </tr> <tr> <td>LWL</td> <td>32' 6"</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Beam</td> <td>10'</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Draft</td> <td>5'</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Disp.</td> <td>26,000#</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ballast</td> <td>9,500# keel 1,500# inside</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Planking</td> <td>Carvel</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sail Area</td> <td>585 sq. ft.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Power</td> <td>36 hp.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Speed</td> <td>8 mph.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Plan Price</td> <td>\$500</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>	LOA	34' 7"	LWL	32' 6"	Beam	10'	Draft	5'	Disp.	26,000#	Ballast	9,500# keel 1,500# inside	Planking	Carvel	Sail Area	585 sq. ft.	Power	36 hp.	Speed	8 mph.	Plan Price	\$500
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Power	5 hp.																																																																			
Speed	7 mph.																																																																			
Plan Price	\$75																																																																			
LOA	34' 7"																																																																			
LWL	32' 6"																																																																			
Beam	10'																																																																			
Draft	5'																																																																			
Disp.	26,000#																																																																			
Ballast	9,500# keel 1,500# inside																																																																			
Planking	Carvel																																																																			
Sail Area	585 sq. ft.																																																																			
Power	36 hp.																																																																			
Speed	8 mph.																																																																			
Plan Price	\$500																																																																			

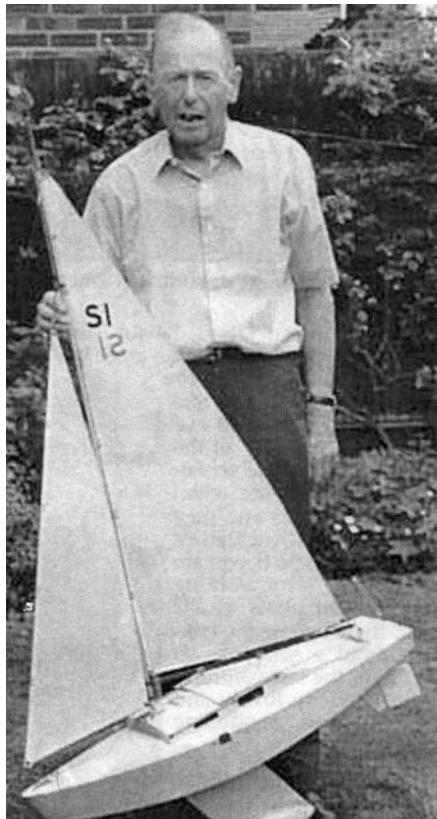
Of Square Riggers, Ketches, Sloops, and Yawls; Boats for Pleasurable Windling: The model sailing boats for casual sailing are varied, certainly so in the world of the windler whose choice of type is limited only by his imagination and the extent of his willingness to fossick for photos and plans among the ever-so-wide range available from various sources. The internet is always a good start. Anyway, with the absence of rules (as in racing) what pleases you even if you choose to divert from what the plans show is what counts, isn't it?

A classic example is Ron Rule of Auckland's Ancient Mariners who, having built umpteen-dippity-two Vic Smeed-designed Starlets (I believe he can build them in his sleep now!), chose to base a rather attractive working boat on the Starlet hull with changes here and there to suit what he envisaged. If you look at the ketch that resulted and then compare it with the first Starlet seen with now retired Vic, you can get an idea of what I am driving at.



Ron Rule's workboat on a Starlet hull.

Vic Smeed with a Starlet as designed. Starlets were the first 36/600 Class boats.



Windling World

By Mark Steele

(Reprinted from *The Model Yacht*,
Newsletter of the U.S. Vintage
Model Yacht Group)

My friend in Auckland, Jacqui Wellington, never used plans to fashion and build the lovely freesail schooners she used to come up with. She had that gift of a good eye and a good memory of the lines and rigs of the schooners she used to see when her dad was alive and they spent time on Auckland's Hauraki Gulf. So if you are capable in woodworking, do you need plans at all?



Jacqui Wellington launches one of her schooners at Kohimarama Beach in Auckland.

Just a quick "throw in" now. This has got to be the tiniest wee sailing boat model in the world, excluding charms that hang on bracelets. Custom made by master modeler, Roy Lake of Auckland (seen holding it), I think you'll agree it is quite unique. Does it sail? (I was waiting for that!) Well, aside from a quick crossing of the Inceee to the port of Winsea (our bathroom basin!) the truthful answer has to be NO, for were I to tell you that it crossed Cook Strait your retort would simply be "Bollocks!" It was actually built to fit inside a beautiful all-wooden Bugatti of Roy's but that, friends, is another story. You'll have to look out for that in a future issue of my column online on Duckworks.



Roy Lake with his tiny boat.

Neville Wade of Sheffield in the United Kingdom built the *Ann Louise*, a lovely compact square-rigger, purely because he

has had a lifelong interest in the last of the sailing ships. Named after their daughter, it was modeled on the 1880s Danish training ship, the *Georg Stage*, which later sailed in 1934-1936 as the *Joseph Conrad*. Neville used Harold Underhill plans and the length of the model is 1130mm from the forward end of the fo'c'sle to the stern rail. He sails with a group of modelers in Sheffield mainly in the winter and has also built and sails a model of the yawl *Sheila* designed by Albert Strange. For those who like yawl-rigged boats, I think this is a rather pretty example.



Ann Louise and *Sheila* by Neville Wade.

Another Aucklander, Malcolm Wilkinson, chose to build a gentleman's yacht, *Bonny*, named after a much-loved now-deceased pooch. Circa 1770 and built to a Swedish design by Frederic Chapman, it has tidy classic lines of the period, the gentleman owner's cabin wonderfully detailed inside with murals on starboard and port sides.



Malcolm Wilkinson's *Bonny*, after a Frederic Chapman design.

Yes, those not interested in racing can enter the world of the cruising or windling model yachtsman and enjoy non-pressure sailing with all the benefits such as lower cost, friendship and help, advice of like-minded individuals, untold humor, wonderful camaraderie, and relaxation par excellence. I'd feel terribly guilty not extolling its many virtues, hence I seize every damn opportunity to do so. Should I say sorry?

Like a certain former president of ours, I tried it once. But I didn't "inhale" either. I'm talking about riding around on a jet ski. What were you expecting me to say? Yep, I tried it once. Or twice. But that doesn't mean I'm headed out to the Floating Dirtbike Emporium any time soon. No, the nickname "The Nasties" more than fits those little demons. Like most of us I have had swarms of 'em buzzing around my anchor rode and zooming close aboard in open water. It's not the speed. It's the buzzy/whiney screech they make that mostly annoys me. And, well, the speed those crotch rockets can provide IS pretty intimidating. When you assume the average level of competence required to aim and fire one of those unguided missiles, it's not hard to assume the worst in a crossing situation.

But why wouldn't an old salt such as myself want to add a vessel to his fleet that can run in the 50s on mere pints of petrol? Well, other than that I have a reputation to uphold, it's damn wet and cold on one of those much of the year. Even here in San Diego most of the jet skis sit out the winter on their trailers. And then there's the cost angle. Those babies are expensive. And noisy. And cold. Mostly noisy.

I did, once, have one of those little sit-in jobs that predated the jet ski plague. It was one of a clutch of models from a local outfit, the Addictor Boat Co. My friend, Captain Mike, called it the "brick that floats." That's pretty much what it looked like. Pretty square. At only 8' long it took me a while to accept the fact that little bucket was rated at 30 horses. Like most of my "fleet," this little girl came to me in a somewhat depreciated state. No trailer. No motor. No controls. But the mechanical steering was more or less operational. No major leaks. Good thing because there was no flotation.

I was weaned on 12' skiffs that planed with only five ponies kicking. So I figured that this little bumper car-looking boat wouldn't need all that much to push it. Wrong. Like the man said, it was a brick that floats. Barely floats. Even with the running strakes and other high performance proto-

The Brick That Floats

By Dan Rogers

berances on the bottom, that little brick was just a woefully short displacement hull at less than, say, 10 knots. My little five-horse rice burner wouldn't even get it out of the hole. So much for that notion. It was going to take a lot more. Or a lot less.

I tried less first. My granddaughter was about eight at the time and scheduled for a visit. This called for some sort of self-service boat. The brick was pressed into service. I grabbed one of my collection of electric trolling motors (normally used as a get home motor on a couple of different keel boats) and jury rigged a gadget to attach it to the steering ram. The deep cycle battery fit just fine where the gas tank was supposed to be. And presto! A basically intuitive boat. Just about perfect for the beginner. With wheel steering and a foot pedal scavenged off a swap meet refugee electric motor in my just-in-case pile, almost anyone could just climb in and go. And perfectly quiet is a nice touch when you are running up and down the marina fairways. It was a pretty sweet set-up all in all. With the slide up/down collar on the shaft that motor could be set for running in about 4" of water. Yep, we found that handy while sneaking up on ducks and exploring the marsh at high tide.

But every genius invention can be improved. Can't it? This brick boat was supposed to be one-man go-fast. I bought it for those moments when the Need for Speed was irresistible. A 25-horse Merc became available. The control unit and assorted cables cost as much as the motor. And there was the little matter of needing seats and such. Bilge pump and wiring for lights. You never can tell when you might have to come in after dark. Actually, I was going to do some exploring on the Colorado River. Well, that was the daydream anyway. I was pretty sure that one swamping and my whole outfit was headed for the bottom.

The horsepower-per-square-foot ratio on the Colorado and associated wide spots is about the highest in the Contiguous Forty-Eight. We're talking WAKES, here. This little spit kit was not remotely self-bailing. There was a slop well for the motor. But once a wave slid up that "foredeck" it was in your lap for sure. Flotation shouldn't be such a big deal to add.

I got a bag full of those spray foam cans at Home Depot and went to town. Pretty much I filled the void between the plywood floor and the bottom with this stuff. And there were a couple other places inside that I could squirt the stuff into. Things were coming along. Until it started to rain, that is. The brick was in the water with several of my smaller boats at the time. For a couple weeks, during intermittent rainy spells, the other boats seemed to need bailing and sponging out to keep them from sitting too low in the water. But not the brick. Nope. That little bugger just didn't seem to attract the rain. Never seemed to be any rain accumulated in the Addictor. Just like magic. Other open boats were sloshing with rainwater. Not the brick. Hmm?

One day I tried to pull that little boat up on the dock and discovered where the water was going. There must have been 300lbs of water soaked up in my "floatation" foam! Yep. Seems there are several varieties of Home Depot spray foam. Not all of 'em resist water intrusion. But, sadly, all of 'em do stick real well to the insides of a fiberglass hull, especially under a glassed-in floor. There was this huge, sudden, sponge full of rainwater inside my almost ready go-fast. The poor thing sat out the next year or so against a tree, slowly draining.

Finally I ripped the floor out and pried that miserable urethane foam out of the voids. I sold the motor to a guy with a bigger boat. I gave the brick to a kid who promised he would put it to good use. Dunno. Maybe he did. I still have those brand new expensive controls. I think they're in the storage room, still in the boxes, right under the trolling motor. You never can tell when another invention will pop up.

You never can tell.

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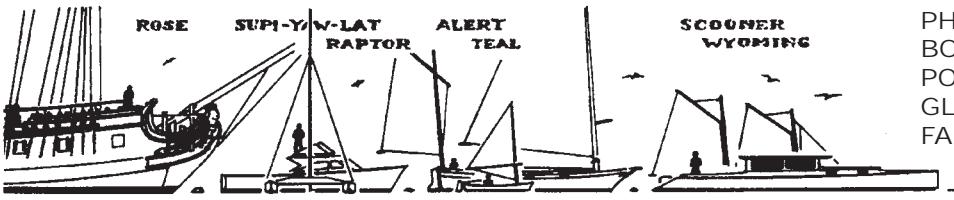
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This is the latest version of the original Shivaree 16-footer, Design #516, which is lying at our landing at present, closing in on 20 years old with still no ideas on improving the shape. Locally there is a Montgomery-built 18-footer in lapstrake plywood and a 21-footer in C-flex one-off fiberglass construction, both rendered to very fine cosmetic standard.

Stanley Woodward in Virginia had the 24-footer built to use around his property in the tidewater. He started with Design #537, the stretch to 21' we've written up in *MAIB*, Vol. 20 No. 8 of September 1, 2002. Since he wanted a 24-footer, for convenience he used the spacing of the offset stations from the 16-footer, increasing the spacing by 50%. The 21-footer had been produced by using the same offsets with a 1.33 increase in spacing. The stem profile dimensions are increased by the same amount so the lengthened boats have more rake to their stems as well as finer lines throughout.

This is an old technique that used to be used especially by boatbuilders working with plank-on-frame construction to build stock boats to different lengths to buyers' preferences. The famous Matthews Company, for

The two-axle trailer is overkill for the light cold molded boat.



Bolger on Design

Shivaree 24

Design #537 (Stretched)
24'0" x 7'0" x 70hp

instance, built hundreds of "stock" power cruisers from 38' to 50' using the same molds for all of them. The method still works in this cold-molded boat (four courses of $\frac{1}{8}$ " cedar and epoxy). David Judson, PO Box 417, Grimstead, VA 23064, (804) 725-6467, built her. Stanley says of him, "...works mostly by himself, does very fine workmanship, and has excellent judgement. In other words, he can be left on his own to make the right choice for line and balance."

Stanley kept the forward cuddy for locked stowage but moved the control console forward and to port for a better view and added "a large touring car canvas top (1925 vintage Packard). There are also side curtains not shown in the photos. Power is an Evinrude 70hp with a 13.5x15" prop. Speed is 20 knots at 5000rpm max with 1" wedg-

es that were added aft. These wedges were added because the boat ran about 3' clear of the water forward of the stem and although we lost 2kts by adding the wedges the forefoot is now touching the water the way I like to see it and this has gotten rid of the wave slap or moderate pounding. We have a much smoother ride in a chop."

In our 16-footer we get the same effect by trimming the motor tilt so we have it both ways. In smooth water we get the higher speed and better fuel economy and trim the bow down when slap gets annoying. I would have thought this would work in the longer boat but have not yet had a chance to ask Stanley if he tried it. He seems contented with the 20kt speed. Note how the hull shape with the bilge "cheeks" carried forward over the sharp entrance lines carry her bow spray low and close-in without any applied spray rails. We think this shape will be found hard to improve on in round-bilge hulls.

I suppose a good many people would have reflexively powered this 24' boat with a 150hp or more. This would have produced a much faster top and cruising speed with a rough ride at speed along with stress on structure and crew and clumsier behavior at low speed, with a heavy stern wave. "No-wake" speed in crowded places would have been appreciably slower. We noticed this when we re-powered the 16-footer with a 50hp four-stroke in place of her original 25hp two-stroke. We now counter the extra pounds aft with one of us sitting further forward.

The 25 was not enough to bring out the full potential of the hull, being quite sensitive to loading, and would barely plane out with four adults aboard. We think the 50 is close to all-around optimum for fast "leaps" along-shore and subsequent nimbleness in close quarters nosing into anchorages dense with yachtly high-gloss topsides, almost up the ramp of marine railways to examine a hauled out tugboat's stern, or sidling up to the ice house to watch it load a dragger.

Susanne added a 6"x6" towing bit a few years ago enhancing Shivaree's "workboat" flavor in this working port, and it has come in handy a few times every season. Yamaha states in its T-50 tech material that with a "slow" 14"x11" propeller it is capable of over 950lbs of static thrust. We typically do fine with the "fast" 13"x17" as an all-round prop making over 22kts with 50, with the 21-footer doing 20kts with 50hp. Of course, speed varies with load.

We have not, so far, made a drawing for this 24-footer. Plans of the 16, 18, and 21 footers, Designs #518, #648, and #537 respectively, are available for \$100 each to build one boat. Sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. Plans of an older but generally similar design for a 25-footer, Taratar #424, are \$150 to build one. All of them are shapes adapted to cold-molding, glued strip, or clinker plywood construction by builders with suitable experience.

I was helping a friend put the mast back in his sailboat when he knocked one of the turnbuckles overboard into 8' of cold water. I borrowed a small boat and he went swimming. It took three tries to find the fitting and he used the dinghy for a resting point after each dive. One of the easiest items to lose overboard is the fuel cap for internal tanks. The fueling point is on the deck (or coaming) near the gunwale and is usually a limited space. Many boats come with a chain that connects the fuel cap to the rest of the system. Many such chains have broken or been discarded over the years, thus when the cap gets knocked overboard you either go swimming or try to create some kind of plug. One time I lost the car keys over the side at the dock. I borrowed a face mask, put on my swim trunks, and went diving. The water was fairly shallow, the sun was overhead, and the keys were resting on top of the silt.

The British cartoonist Mike Peyton has a wonderful cartoon of a person on a sailboat at night with a shackle bouncing on the deck. Almost as bad was looking to leeward and seeing the shroud swinging in the breeze when racing our Tornado. By chance, the shackle was still attached and the pin had fallen on the deck (and not gone overboard). With Judy keeping the boat on the existing tack I was able to slide across the boat, retrieve the shroud, and re-connect the shackle to the chain plate. If the pin had gone overboard or the shackle not stayed with the shroud it would have been a different story. Because the mast was lowered when the boat was put on the trailer when not being used none of the shackles were "wired" to prevent the pin from unwinding. After that experience I carried a spare shackle in the "on board" bag when sailing.

One time we helped look for a tackle box that was knocked off a fishing boat. The tackle box had the person's car keys and wallet therein. Finding a green metal tackle box in 4-6' feet of muddy water was not easy or fun.

Many people have an "overboard bag" that holds their keys, wallet, ship's papers, etc. The "overboard bag" is a good idea so that you do not lose things on the boat (or off the boat). I also have a "go bag" which contains sailing gloves to protect the hands from the anchor rode (and other lines), a container of dental floss (very useful as small stuff), a knife, nylon line, a small roll of tape, etc. The bag goes with me when I go out on other people's boats and the contents have been very useful from time to time.

Boat Wiring Color Codes

The other day the furnace man came by to do the annual check of our oil-fired furnace. The furnace has its own "on-off" switch to allow work to be done under the house with electric power available for the lights and any tools. The switch is set to off during the "warm" season. The man finished his check of the furnace, replacing the nozzle and the filter, and set the switch to "on." He then triggered the thermostat only to have the A/C come on with the furnace.

This was not good! After some checking it was found that the "white" wire for the furnace from the thermostat was also connected to the A/C. A little re-wiring and the furnace came on and the A/C stayed off. The reason the furnace had not fired when the A/C came on during the summer was that the furnace did not have any electric power since its separate electric power

From The Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

switch was in the "off" position. The A/C was not wired according to the accepted standards for such operations since an earlier technician had put wires back incorrectly.

This brought to mind the wiring on a boat. The American Boat & Yacht Council has a whole section in their publication *Standards and Recommended Practices for Small Craft* on the wiring code. Most of us use red for positive and black for negative and we use the proper wire size for the distance run and amp load of the device at the end of the wire. But did you know that there is a recommended wiring code for your boat?

Green or green w/yellow stripe(s): DC grounding conductors.

Black or yellow: DC negative conductors.

Red: DC positive conductors.

The list goes on to include "yellow w/red stripe," "dark grey," "orange," "purple," for a total of 12 colors, not counting the three listed above. Most boat manufacturers include the wiring code for their boat somewhere in the owner's manual. If not, you might want to either find a copy of the ABYC wiring code (or another source that uses that code) or contact the boat manufacturer about a copy of the wiring code for your boat. It might be nice to know that the "green/stripe" wire running aft from the console is supposed to be the tilt down/in wire while the "blue/stripe" next to it is supposed to be the tilt up/out wire.

If you want to avoid some problems do not hook the negative side of an instrument/device to the "grounding conductors" in your boat. The idea of the "grounding conductor" is to reduce stray current corrosion, and making it part of the boat's active electrical system is not a good idea. Confused? Find a good book on boat wiring systems and start reading.

Local Knowledge

Local knowledge is sometimes critical to the enjoyment of being on the water. While most of those who go out in boats are concerned about the state of the tide (can the boat be safely moved in to or out of the harbor?) and/or how long until high or low tide, the tidal current can also be an item of necessary local knowledge. In our area of Apalachee Bay an incoming tide sweeps to the northwest (into Oyster Bay) and this tide can be quite strong.

During the 2007 Apalachee Bay Yacht Club's Vice-Commodore Regatta the wind started to lessen as the tide came in. As a result, two boats could not sail to the finish line and had to drop out after the wind went calm and the tide continued to move them away from the finish mark and toward shore.

One time I was on a boat that was tacking for the West Racing Mark and the port tack took us in toward Oyster Bay. The incoming tide moved us even more toward the oyster bars so we tacked before the boat reached the lay line for the mark. With the sails set for the new tack and the boat moving quite fine through the water (at least we thought it was moving fine) a crab trap float passed us. We were moving backward quite nicely even with a "bone in the teeth" of the boat. In our case, the wind was building and we were able to sail out of the tidal current and continue the race.

Many years ago the channel into Shell Point had a dogleg at the entrance. To look

at the private markers it would seem to be a straight-in approach. Such was not the case! To enter the channel and stay in relative deep water you had to go past a tripod (with a trash can on the top) and then make a very sharp turn to the right. Once you had done so you then had to make another sharp turn to the left before you reached the next piling to stay in the channel. The location of the channel was very obvious at low tide (sand showing on both sides). But when the tide was full enough for the channel to be used the bars were hidden from view (until you were on top of them) due to the silt in the water.

An additional problem was a piece of limestone that had been left behind when the channel was dredged. Coming down the channel you would hit this rock on medium to low tide unless you stayed a little more to the left side of the center of the channel as you approached the third post from the shower head. The shower head (an actual shower head on a galvanized pipe) pointed out the next turn in the channel (a sharp one to the right coming in the channel).

Today the private markers are mostly gone and the channel is actually a straight-in approach. The tripod that marked the turn now marks the port side of the channel for boats entering and a new, higher tripod (with a light) marks the starboard side of the channel. The shower head is missing but the rock is still waiting for the unwary. And the old "range" of the Coast Guard Auxiliary radio tower and the entering tripod is gone because they moved the radio tower when the relocated the Auxiliary to a new structure.

Even with the new public markers it takes local knowledge to get a boat drawing more than 3' in or out on anything but a plus 1.5' tide. There is the shoaling where the old natural channel is located off some beach houses and there is the shoaling near where the shower head was located (the replacement marker is missing and the buoy that marks the turn is not that big). All in all, getting in or out of Shell Point can be a bit interesting on all but a very high tide, and even then you can run aground on one of the sand bars if you do not allow for the effect of the wind on the superstructure when making one of the turns (personal experience).

Local knowledge of a different sort is knowing the type of boat that may be best suited for the area where you will do most of your boating. Flats fishing requires a different configuration than offshore fishing. Trolling is different from drift or bottom fishing. And the average depth can be a controlling factor in your choice of craft. Also factors are the local wind conditions and when (and from what direction) the wind will blow at different times of the day. If you are a sailor, knowledge of the local wind conditions, variations, and the like will play a role as to when you go sailing and where on the local water you will sail.

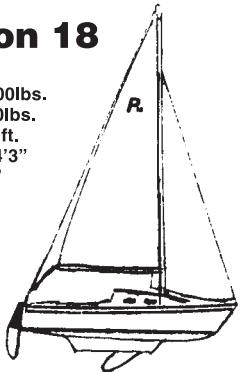
In our area, the wind (and its direction) can affect the tidal depth and the ability of those wishing to go "into the flats" to do so. A strong north wind and a low tide leaves a lot of "dry land." Likewise, a strong southerly wind will increase the water depth as well as increase the wave height and strength.

I am sure that each of you has some of the required "local knowledge" for your boating area. But do you have all the pieces? A "bull session" with the others who boat in your area may result in additional "local knowledge" that can be of benefit at some time in the future.

Precision 18

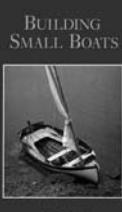
Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
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Wood Cleat Winter Project

By Fred Winters



Finished cleats (arched top, straight bottom) flanked by shaping files.

While boaters in southern climates can enjoy the water year around, those of us in the cold northlands must find ways to feed our small boat enthusiasm after our vessels have been stored and tarped for the winter months. Perhaps it's time to think about a woodshop project that will add a distinctive feature to your classic wood boat, handcraft wood cleats.

The first step is to sketch a side profile of your dream cleat. Once done, you must assemble a few items essential to turning your dream into reality.

Choice of lumber in 5/4 dimension is your first consideration. Locust wood has a long marine history and provides excellent material for cleats but it's not always easy to find. I have also used ash, cherry, oak, and black walnut. It's best to use vertical grain for greatest strength, however, I have used horizontal grain patterns and never had a failure, so you can be flexible in this area.

Perhaps you live in an area abundant in hardwoods. In my area of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, the best tree for cleat material is the ash. If you look carefully in the woods, fallen trees lie ready for harvesting. It is rewarding to find a "tree of misfortune" that can be transformed into a useful finished product that encompasses the beauty of God's creation. When harvesting a fallen tree, seal the end grain with paint to reduce splitting and allow it to dry for at least one year. If you want to get started on your unique cleats this year, head to your local lumber supplier for a species discussed above.

When you are ready to draw your pattern on your wood, look for interesting grain patterns and wood coloration. Don't be afraid to follow your instincts. The final result will then be an expression of your talent, time, and commitment to your boat and hardware.

Besides a piece of solid wood, you will need some basic workshop tools to complete your pair of cleats. A table saw, band saw, router, and drill press come in handy for roughing out the shape and drilling mounting holes. I have found that a 1/4" blade works well on the bandsaw. A 3/8" round-over bit works best on the router. Use your drill press to drill 1/4" mounting holes once your cleats are shaped.

Concerning hardware, I have been using stainless steel bolts from Jamestown but

beware. The prices have been jumping at an astronomical rate!

After the rough shape has been established with your power tools and the holes have been drilled, the fun of refining your cleat begins. An assortment of round and half-round wood files and sandpaper in various grits from 60 to 220 should do the job. To seal the raw wood you will need your choice of marine spar varnish or outdoor oil containing UV and mildew prohibitors.

With regard to the wood files, imagine your line wrapping around the cleat and use the round files to create an indentation on both sides. Use the half round files on the top and undersides of the horns of the cleat. If you use a vise to hold the cleat in position, remember to pad the jaws.

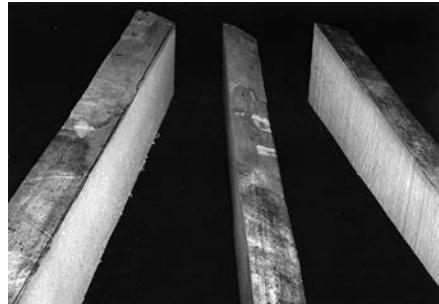
When you are satisfied with your filing efforts, the time for sandpaper has arrived. Start with 60 grit and move on to 100, 150, and 220. When the wood feels as smooth as baby skin you're ready to varnish or oil. My choice is multiple coats of gloss marine spar varnish applied as a hand-rubbed finish. The best part about a good finish on wood cleats is that they bring an element of distinction to your boat by showcasing nature's beauty.

When was the last time you spotted a glistening black walnut cleat mounted on a sparkling white deck? It is a sight to behold and an item of conversation. Most people are familiar with plastic, bronze, stainless steel, or chrome-plated brass cleats. But wood cleats are unusual and will draw compliments.

There is a price to be paid for wood that can be summed up in one word, maintenance. Sanding, varnishing, or frequent oiling will be required. But if you love wood boats, you'll love your wood cleats.

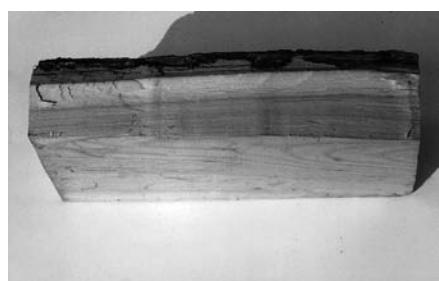
Take on the challenge this winter. Enjoy your project and dream of the beauty and satisfaction it will provide when you launch your small boat next spring! Blessings.

(Winters Brother's wood cleats are offered for sale finished on our classified pages).



5/4" ash lumber from which cleat blanks are to be cut.

Ash cleat blank ready for resawing.



We have a new plan for this year's Florida trip: Car top the skiff to Florida while pulling our travel trailer, then after we park the travel trailer, put the skiff onto a boat trailer so we can easily visit the many terrific boating areas in the Florida Panhandle during our winter stay. No, we don't want to pull the boat on a trailer behind the travel trailer, it's like putting up a spinnaker in a strong wind, several things can happen and all but one are bad. Not great odds. So that leaves one minor problem, how do we get the boat trailer there? Here's what I came up with.

As readers of my article entitled "Just 1 More" in the June 1 issue may remember, I had put together a car top loading system for my 14' 135lb skiff using a ramp, rollers, and a block and tackle. This allowed us retired folks to load the skiff onto the Suburban without ever actually lifting the entire boat. Worked great, but it is a bit too much trouble for just a few hours of chasing fish or investigating an interesting waterway. The idea was to build a boat trailer that could be disassembled for long haul transit, then put together once we get to our destination. This would allow leaving the motor mounted, as well as the usual oars (don't leave home without them), gas tanks, etc., in the boat.

The solution was not as complex as I thought. I found a small 40"x48" utility trailer kit at Harbor Freight that for \$139 pro-

Another Boat Trailer Option

By Gary Gillespie

vided a lightweight chassis, running gear, even the lights. The width is adequate for the skiff so I only had to make it long enough. I decided that by upgrading the boat loading ramp boards, previously 10' 2"x4"s to 12' 2"x6"s, I'd have the long structural members for the trailer, also. These bolt to the front corners of the chassis, coming together in a V at the hitch end. The hitch assembly from the kit was then adapted with a pair of angle iron brackets that bolt to the hitch end of the 2"x6"s. A lot of careful measurement was done to ensure it is square to the chassis and the wheels are properly aligned. A bow block assembly takes the place of the usual winch and post.

So here's the drill. At home, load the boat onto the Suburban using the 2"x6" boards as ramps for the car top loading system. After loading the boat, the ramp boards are tied on the ends of the car top carriers next to the boat. The trailer chassis fits into the back of the Suburban (well tied down, of course, to keep it from being a hazard inside the vehi-

cle). Hook up the travel trailer and head on down the road (imagine traveling sounds).

Continue forward motion at the desired rate until the answer to "are we there yet" is yes. Now we change from car topping to trailering the boat. The ramps and rollers are used to unload the boat as usual. The ramp boards are then bolted to the trailer chassis; and the hitch assembly and bow block are added. The boat can then be rolled onto the boat trailer using the small removable wheel assemblies on the boat transom to carry the stern. It's a one person job since it is done without actually lifting the boat.

The trailer assembly doesn't take long at all, ten $\frac{3}{8}$ " bolts to install (sounds like a lot but it does go quickly). I sprayed the bolts with silicon spray to keep them rust free and also found that it helps to make the bolt holes in the wood one drill bit size larger, usually $\frac{1}{2}$ ", to make it easier to insert and remove the bolts. I did not permanently install the lights, preferring to clamp them to the boat when needed. This simplifies handling the trailer chassis and keeps the lights out of the salt water. To make things even simpler, here in Oklahoma private boat trailers do not need to be registered so no worry with license plate or mount, not to mention no yearly fees. I really like that, it's a big convenience for us multi-boat messers.

We'll see how all this plays out in January.



Basic trailer chassis.



Ramps in place ready to load boat.



Boat transom with wheels.



Empty trailer rear.



Boat trailer rear.



Hitch detail.

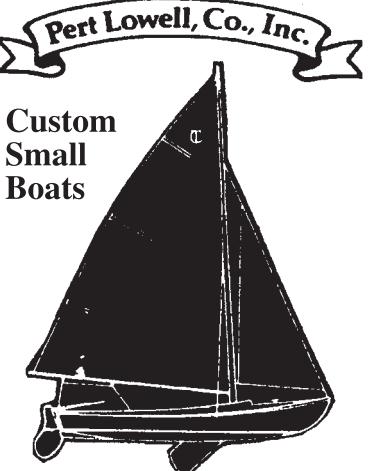


Basic chassis loaded in Suburban.



Boat trailer side.





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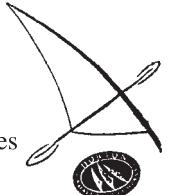
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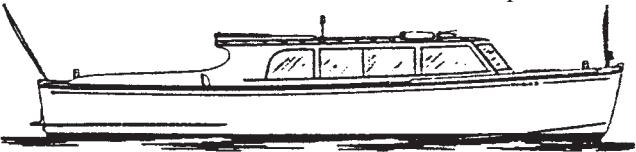
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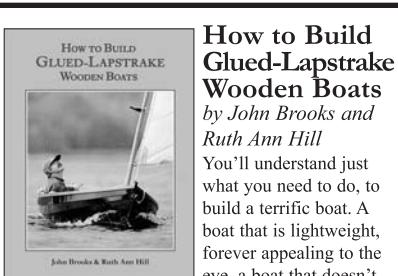
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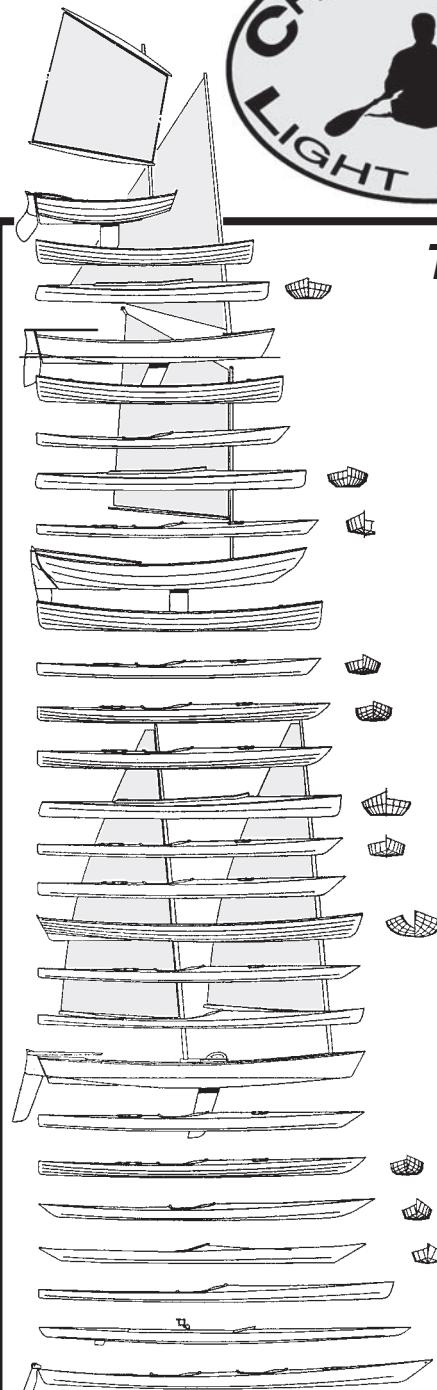
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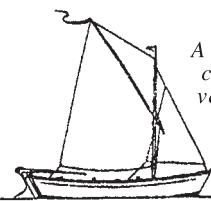
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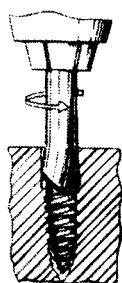
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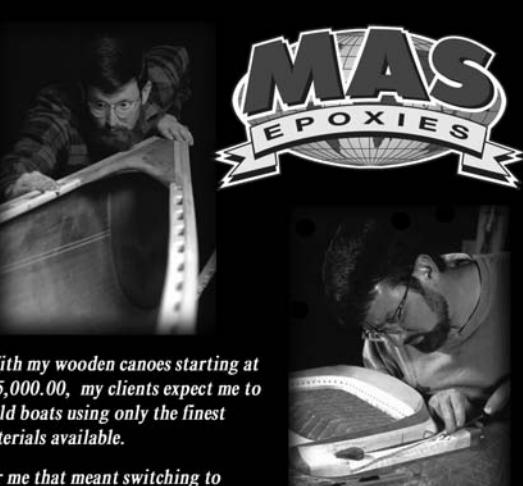
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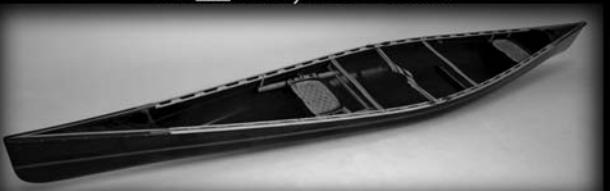
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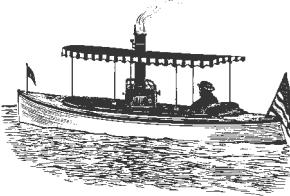
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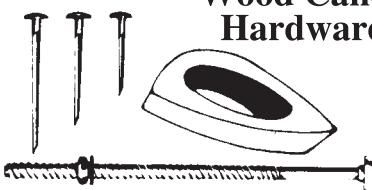
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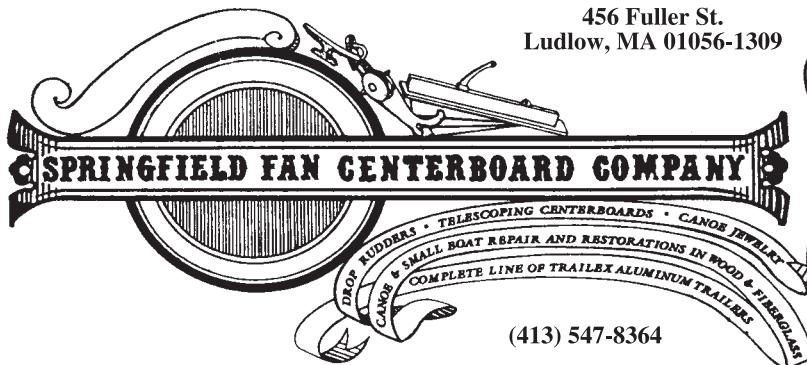
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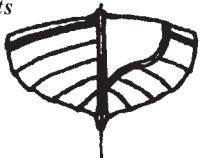
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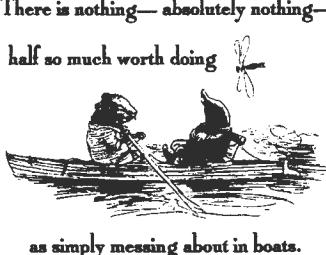
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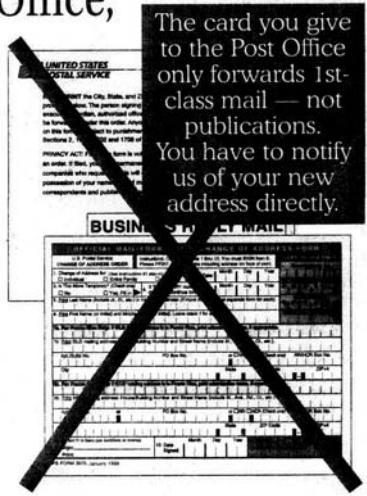
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The photos below were taken at last year's New York National Boat Show. During the 8 days of the show we turned the board at left into the almost completed guideboat hull at right. We will build another guideboat at this year's show, which runs from Dec 29th to Jan 6th at the Jacob Javits Center in New York City.

As a winter-sales-inducement we are offering a 10% discount on molded guideboats, packboats and dories purchased at the show. Where reasonable we will deliver those boats for free in the Spring. This discount doesn't apply to our wooden boats or kits.

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Best regards to all,

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